SPORT ON LAND AND WATER

RECOLLECTIONS OF FRANK GRAY GRISWOLD

Ex Libris
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

Charles G. Burden.

Compliments of

F. Gray Griswold.

1916.

From a painting by Harry Hall

IROQUOIS BY LEAMINGTON—MAGGIE B. B.

Winner of Derby and St. Leger, 1881. Fred Archer up

SPORT ON LAND AND WATER

RECOLLECTIONS OF FRANK GRAY GRISWOLD

PRIVATELY PRINTED
1913

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BY FRANK GRAY GRISWOLD

THE·PLIMPTON·PRESS
NORWOOD·MASS·U·S·A

Dedicated to
The "Cubs"
1880

ROBERT CENTER
F. GEBHARD
J. O. GREEN
N. G. LORILLARD
C. G. PETERS
LLOYD BRYCE
H. OELRICHS
P. LORILLARD, JR.
C. HITCHCOCK
E. ZBOROWSKI
C. O. ISELIN

By a Fellow Member

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I

HUNTING

"A SOUTHERLY WIND AND A CLOUDY SKY
PROCLAIMS A HUNTING MORNING"

HUNTING

WHEN a child, before I could read, I used to stand on the sofa and gaze with the greatest interest at a hunting-print which hung on the nursery wall, and it was with much pleasure that I first was able to spell out the motto below the picture, "A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky," and wonder what that had to do with it. It was not long before I found out, for I hunted in England as a boy, and passed one winter at Pau in the early days when they hunted a drag and a bagged fox. They would have a hunting-drag of thirty minutes, with a bagman at the end, and we enjoyed many a good day's sport in that way.

In 1875–76 a few of us used to go to Hackensack, N. J., to join old Joe Donohue, who had a few hounds with which he hunted foxes in the woodland. He was very keen, hunted on foot until the hounds

found a fox, and then attempted to follow them in a buggy. He could find a fox more readily than any one I ever hunted with; but the woods were very thick, and it was impossible to ride to hounds.

At that time fox-hunting was impossible near New York, so I proposed to introduce the Pau form of sport. In the spring of 1877, Robert Center, William E. Peet, and Belmont Purdy joined me in forming a committee to purchase a pack of hounds and to hunt them on Long Island. I went to England, and bought the hounds with the kind assistance of Thomas Turbett of Scribblestown, and we established them at Meadow Brook as a subscription pack.

In those days Long Island was a grazing country, mostly grass and strongly fenced with post-and-rail and zigzag fences. There were two toll-gates between Jerico and Jamaica. No garden-truck was grown east of Jamaica. It was an ideal country for drag-hunting, and was chosen for that reason. The fences would have been too

big to jump if the turf had not been sound. The soil is so light that it drains quickly, and it is seldom that the going is not perfect even in the early spring. It is the very worst scenting country in the world for fox-hunting, and carries little scent except on the snow or when the frost is coming out of the ground.

The difficulty was to obtain hunters. There were no horses to be found that could jump, and the fences were big and strong. We bought green horses, and schooled them ourselves. In fact, we began from the beginning in every way, having much enthusiasm and little money. We personally did everything, even to cleaning our own boots and breeches, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

It was not long before we had a considerable following and large fields. At the end of the first season Messrs. Purdy and Peet retired from the committee, and Eliot Zborowski, C. G. Peters, and J. O. Green were elected. We all lived at the

Meadow Brook farmhouse. I hunted the hounds, and Robert Center and Eliot Zborowski were the whips during the first three seasons; after that I had professionals as whips. I hunted the Queens County Hounds, as the hunt was named, from 1877 to 1893, and the Meadow Brook Hounds, which were established in 1881, from 1893 to the end of the spring season of 1895. I also hunted the Orange County Hounds during their first season.

Drag-hunting, as I understand it, and as I practised it, is a science. I always drew a covert, and hounds were taught to hunt, and the drag was laid to represent as nearly as possible the run of a fox. The drag was lifted from time to time and the hounds allowed to puzzle it out and pick up the scent again, thus giving the field a chance to see hounds work and to enjoy the sport. At the end of forty or fifty minutes we had a bagman; and as the foxes were generally strong ones from the mountains, they often gave us good sport.

MISS MONEY, F. G. GRISWOLD, AND P. F. COLLIER
IN ORANGE COUNTY, N. Y.

Those that escaped were the founders of the fox family we hunt in Nassau County today. I always hunted fifteen couple of hounds, and as I never walked the line myself, but simply gave the drag-man orders to go in a certain direction and to keep on the grass as much as possible, it was at times a difficult matter to find him, for he would have to lift his drag on account of crops or for other reasons.

As drag-hunting is carried on today, there is really no reason for the three or four couples of hounds that race to the check, and then lie down until laid on again. A man in a pink coat could lead the field just as well without any hounds. As it is, you have a good ride; but it is not drag-hunting. I admit it is much easier for the master and the so-called huntsman; but a man must be young, in good condition, and a light weight to ride such a drag, and he must be mounted on a thoroughbred.

Thomas Gibbons ran the drag for me for thirteen years, and was the best man

I ever knew. He could travel fast across a country, thought quickly in an emergency, and was always on good terms with the farmers. An intelligent drag-man, and one that you can rely on, is absolutely necessary. If the drag-man had started, I never failed to hunt, no matter how bad the weather might be; for if you disappoint a drag-man once, he is likely to become too good a judge of the weather and to interfere with sport.

I was the pioneer on Long Island, in Westchester County, where we hunted in 1880 and 1881, and at Newport, where we were five seasons, and I never had any trouble with the farmers. With a drag you can avoid those who object, and they were few in number. I found that if damages were promptly paid and broken fences mended, the American farmer, notwithstanding that he owns his land, seldom objects to hunting. The Quakers on Long Island at first thought it an ungodly sport; but as every Quaker loves a horse, they

could not resist the pleasure of seeing us jump fences, and often would beg us to cross their farms.

In midwinter I used to hunt foxes with the full pack of hounds. I found that hunting a drag did not interfere with their ability to hunt foxes. I hunted the woodlands surrounding Lake Ronkonkoma for several seasons, and later on the home country. We used to have great sport hunting on the snow in a wild country where there were few fences, the pack being handy and under perfect control. An old fox, known as Gray Beard, lived for years in the Guinea woods just north of my house and for several winters I often hunted him on the snow. The hounds learned to know just where to find him on the sunny side of the covert. He would usually run over the same route, and go to ground when he had had enough. It was good exercise for the hounds and horses. Another cunning fox lived on Rockaway Beach for several winters. He had an earth in the

bushes high up on the beach, and lived on the fish and shell-fish that were washed ashore. There was absolutely no scent on the sandy beach except after a fall of snow. At such times I used to hunt him up and down the beach, and as we never disturbed his earth, he always had a refuge. When pressed, he would run along the beach, following the waves as they rose and fell, and baffle the hounds. In this manner he often saved his brush in full view of the field. At other times he would escape by running out on the thin ice, where the pack could not follow him.

I bought a wonderful hunter in Canada the first season, a gray horse called Hail-stone. He was up to any weight, as light on his feet as a pony, could jump any fence from a trot, and could beat most thorough-breds for half a mile on the flat. He showed the field what a horse could do and encouraged many who were badly mounted. He never made a mistake, and was, I believe, the greatest timber-jumping horse

HAILSTONE BY THUNDER

I have ever known, for even to this day I have never seen his equal. The most brilliant fencer I ever rode was Leo, belonging to Mr. Frederic Gebhard. He could jump any timber fence in his stride, no matter how formidable it might be. He was a difficult horse to ride, having a very strong will of his own, and had to be ridden with a very light hand; but we became friends, and I hunted hounds on him for two seasons with great satisfaction. After winning the high jump at the New York Horse Show one year, he bolted, cleared not only the boundary fence, but also the railbirds who were watching the performance, and landed safely on the promenade.

The other horses that carried me well were Sir Charles, Shandygaff, Hempstead, the Countess, Orion, the Clipper, Leap Year, and Lochinvar. In later years the Irishman was my best hunter, and never made a mistake for eight seasons. I won two Championships at the New York Horse

Show on Countess, and one each on Orion and Hempstead.

It was no child's play hunting hounds in Queens County for more than nineteen years, as the fences in those days were very big and strong, and there were many of them. I had many falls, but not nearly so many as most followers of the hunt, owing, I think to the fact that I always rode horses well over my weight, which I could do, as I rode at 154 pounds. A horse barely up to one's weight can jump a few flights of rails, but he cannot go on jumping big fences unless he has power in reserve; the exertion is too great. It is seldom, therefore, that a thoroughbred is suited for such a country; yet Orion, by Glenelg out of Lark by Lexington, carried me brilliantly for eight seasons and seldom fell. He was a great horse.

During my mastership the two most amusing hunt servants we had were Joe Townley and Charlie Sait. The former, an Irishman past middle age, was a wonder-

MR. FREDERICK GEBHARD'S HUNTER LEO

HEMPSTEAD

ful man with horses. He had a comforting way of encouraging any lad who seemed nervous when schooling horses over strong timber, saying to him: "Go on, boy! go on! What are you afraid of? Do you want to live forever?" Charles Sait came to the hunt from Canada as whip. He arrived with the reputation of being the only man in Canada who could ride Jack the Barber, a specially vicious steeplechaser of renown. He certainly could ride and ride well, but his love for whisky was his undoing. He had a ready tongue and used it to great advantage. At one time he had charge of the training of a horse of mine for a hunt race, and both disappeared for two days. On the evening of the second day, as we were sitting after dinner with the remains of the feast still on the table, one of the grooms came in to inform me that Sait had returned on foot without the horse. I sent for him to find out what had become of his charge. I read him the riot act, and told him that a man in my employ

who drank had to be sober enough to go to work the next day or leave. He politely touched his forehead, looked well at the empty bottles on the table, and said, much to the delight of the assembled sportsmen, "It is not as I drinks more than you does, sir, but I carries it less well." There was nothing more to say.

Peter Smith, Pat Horey, Stonebridge, and Joe Murphy were all good men to ride. It takes a man with a stout heart to whip hounds in such a country, for after jumping a strong flight of rails it is not always pleasant to be sent back again after a stray hound or two. The last time I saw Murphy he was in the employ of our ambassador in Paris, and he informed me that he was very homesick. He insisted that more went on in Westbury, Long Island, in a day than happened in Paris in a week!

The term "aniseed bag" was invented by the newspapers — a mixture of aniseed drag and a bagman. The difference between the two was beyond them.

THE QUEENS COUNTY, NEW YORK

From "The Field," October 22, 1892, by Captain E. Pennell-Elmhirst ("Brooksby").

A RIDE WITH HOUNDS UPON LONG ISLAND

I DELIGHT in a new scene, and welcome heartily a new experience. Of a truth I found them both on Friday, October 7 — the eve of my sailing for the hunting grounds of the Old Country. Hear me out, and believe me, gentlemen of England and of Ireland who may read these notes. You will shake your heads, I warn you; and you will scatter many a needless grain of salt upon my story — as is your manner of dealing with travelers' tales from across the Atlantic. Take my plain record and impressions as you may — here they are, as set down shortly after the day's occurrence.

Know, then, that in immediate proximity to the city of New York is the flat, narrow strip of land known as Long Island,

stretching some hundred and fifty miles or so eastward. The greater part of its interior is farming land and grassy plain—the former divided everywhere into fields of ten to twenty acres, or thereabouts, by means of strong timber-fences; the latter dotted here and there with villas, or boxes (as we might term them in the Old Country), belonging to the opulent citizens of New York, who thus in their leisure hours attain country air and some country pursuits. For, as you may or may not know, almost every man in America is in business; every man continues to make money if he can; few of them — in contrast to the custom so freely in vogue on our side of the water — being wholly employed in spending it. Perhaps it is due to this fact that so many among the upper class of Americans are to all appearance as lavish in their personal expenditure as they are certainly generous, almost unbounded, in their hospitality.

Let that be as it may, a strong taste for country life has of late years set in —

especially on the part of the younger generation, whose leaning is towards the development of active, outdoor sport. Consequently, many picturesque residences have been erected in the district aforesaid, clubs have been formed for hunting and polo, and no less than three smartly equipped packs of foxhounds take the field upon Long Island, as soon as the crops are cut and the heat of summer has given place to the pleasant coolness of autumn. These three are known respectively as The Rockaway, The Meadowbrook, and The Queens County or Mr. Griswold's — the hounds of the last-named kennel having been almost entirely imported, or bred from stock imported, by that gentleman.

Saturday being essentially the recognized day on which the hunting men of New York take the field, and Saturday at early morning being the time of departure for the outgoing steamer, I feared that once again no chance remained of my joining in a gallop across the timber-fenced plains

of Long Island — occasion that I had for many a day coveted, and for which I had received many a kindly invitation. But at Chicago a telegram hurried me on — "Griswold will give you a run on Friday morning." The mount, I knew, was certain to be capable and trusty; and forward I traveled delightedly, to reach Long Island overnight.

Ten-thirty at Westbury Forge was the arrangement; and thither we drove in the cool morning sunlight — a team (*i.e.*, a pair, in transatlantic rendering) of lusty trotters making the dust fly handsomely. None of the country roads of America are macadamized, or in any way built or hardened — a fact that I mention now as having an important bearing not only on the aspect of the day's proceedings, but upon the feasibility of crossing the enclosed country at all. Let me not be misunderstood. Roads are in Long Island of little or no use in the light in which we, the great body of English foxhunters, are accustomed

MEET OF THE QUEENS COUNTY HOUNDS AT CASTLE INN
NEW ROCHELLE

Colonel De Lancy A. Kane and the road coach "Tally Ho," 1880

to regard them, viz., as safe channels for facilitating progress in pursuit of hounds. There they come rather as intercepting barriers, crossing the line of route every half mile or mile at least. They run at right angles one to another and at short distances, as possible streets and highways of the future. They may occur only as section boundaries (a section being sixteen hundred acres, if my memory serves me), or they may come thickly as the dream of a someday populous town. Such at least is my impression; and from today's experience I can aver that they have to be jumped into and jumped out of; also that, though their inner surface is sound and reasonably soft, their aspect to the stranger is as uninviting as it is frequent and exacting.

Our route to the meet ran alongside the Hempstead plain, on whose broad bosom (as enticing for a gallop almost as Newmarket Heath) the Meadowbrook Club have planted their house, kennels, and polo ground. On our right lay farmland of

the usual Long Island type — fields of somewhat rugged grass, now browned and scorched by the outgoing heat-season, and stubble and dust garden remaining from lately gathered harvest. The whole is upon a sandy, light loamy soil that never bakes hard, and so never rebels obstinately against a horse's footfall. Thus concussion is minimized; and horses can go jumping freely year after year. On the other hand, it is never very deep or spongy with wet — the descending rain finding its way rapidly to the water level, some six feet only below the surface.

"Surely you don't ride at a flight of rails like that?" I inquired, pointing to a first barricade that met my troubled gaze — to wit, a morticed erection of oaken bars, each of them as thick as a man's thigh and the lot carried considerably higher than an ordinary Leicestershire gate. "Why, yes! That's nothing much. The farmers aim at setting their fences at four feet eight, to keep their stock in." I asked no

more; but held my peace while the horrid parallel intruded itself upon my mind, of the condemned man in the prison cart catching a first view of the gallows awaiting him. But I gazed and gazed, as each successive bone trap hove in view; and, you may depend upon it, the longer I looked the less I liked them. And I wondered who would ride the horses at home in Old England.[1]

But at the rendezvous were those we were now to ride. For me a tried and proven hunter — a brown gelding, Shipmate by name, up to fully fourteen stone, and with shoulders good enough to allay at least some of the qualms engendered during my recent drive. For my host, Mr. Roby (I shall make no apology for decorating my little tale with the names that belong to it, and that may mark it with its due imprint of veracity) — for him was a

[1] "It is all very well for a man to boast that, in all his life, he has never been frightened, and believes that he never could be so. There may be men of that nature — I will not dare to deny it; only I have never known them." — LORNA DOONE.

neat but powerful thoroughbred, of lesser height, and more often the mount of his sister; though how Miss Roby (even on Brunette) or how any lady is to be carried in safety day by day over this ghastly country will, I take leave to remark, be a subject of wonderment to me for many a day.

Scarcely had we mounted, than up rode Mr. Frank Griswold with a most useful-looking pack of about seventeen couple, with his young Irish whipper-in, and with the small field of a by-day that had been so hastily and kindly improvised. Faultless is a word that would do scant justice to the equipment of master and man. It was as workmanlike as it was fashionable; complete in every attribute; and did my eyes good, at three thousand miles from home. Of the others, Mr. Collier alone (to whom yet another pack of foxhounds is on its way from the Old Country) was in pink; and he bestrode a grand gray horse known as Majestic, fully equal to

the fourteen-stone task imposed upon him. By the way, it seems to me, as far as casual opportunity allowed me to form impressions before quitting the sporting sphere of Long Island, that here the little hunting world learn to know most horses by name and history as systematically as the thrusters of Meath tabulate their more important fences, till they become, as it were, household words.

Perhaps no two names are more familiar to the hunting and horse-loving community of New York than those of the two bays which Mr. Griswold and his man bestrode. And they serve as admirably to illustrate my subject as they did subsequently to show me how such country could be crossed. The Master, then, was upon Hempstead — of whom I soon became fairly entitled to assert that if "a rum 'un to look at, he was a devil to go." A more ornate, or even less inelegant, description would be inapplicable to Hempstead. He has, appropriately, a large knowledge-box,

and inappropriately a wasp-like waist. Like Mercury he carries his wings on his heels; and very good use he makes of them — though they make it impossible for him to conceal that he is what is termed in America a "cold-blooded horse." Hemstead's credentials, however, include the fact that he has jumped not less than six feet three inches over the timber at the New York Annual Horse Show. Add to this that he is fifteen years old, that he has for a full proportion of this time been going to hounds upon Long Island, that his legs are clean as they were when he was five — and you will allow that Hempstead has a reasonable right to assume the character of a great hunter and wonderful conveyance.

The Clipper, carrying the whip, is also no small marvel. He is the oldest horse now taking part in the chase upon Long Island — his age being only so far known that in 1883 he cleared six feet at the New York Show. The high jumping competition was only then in its infancy. Two

years ago the record rose to seven feet two inches. Since then the contest has been discontinued — the sole cause being the danger involved, in the fact that the bar was nearly solidly fixed, being held in its place by ropes in the hands of three or four stalwart Irishmen. The competition used to take place by electric light, the horses rose off tan, laid upon sand or earth, and some ten thousand people would assemble to witness the struggle. The horses themselves of their own keen accord would gallop hard at the jump; and, so far from getting under it and lobbing over, as a stone-wall jumper more often does, would fling themselves from afar and take it in their stride. It is this faculty of "standing off" at his jump that makes the flying of a high post and rails on the part of an accomplished hunter so thrilling and pleasurable a sensation, as I was yet to learn. Clipper, it remains to be added, is a blood-like bay, about 15.3 inches in height; and his legs, beyond bearing one trifling callous

enlargement obtained in early youth, show no sign whatever of the almost incessant galloping and jumping he has been called upon to perform.

No time was lost at the meet; but hounds were trotted on at once northward, till they reached a small roadside covert known, I believe, as Old Westbury Wood. Here everything was ready for them, and they darted into the wood in full clamor. For a moment it struck me that the sudden break must be riot — till I remembered that of course *Fox et præterea nihil* was, by force of circumstances, barred from being the motto of Long Island and its venery (and if I may be forgiven that the old jest rises up unawares). No, they make no secret of it. "As much fox as possible" is their creed. But *hunting* anyhow, and "a run" in any case. Thus direction is controlled, damages are lessened, a ride is insured—and, as I take it, today, a sample of country is exhibited according to requirement. Safe and intact

upon board ship, it is surely allowed me to lighten a weary hour with the strange and merry memory.

Adown the thicket, then, hounds threw their tongues heartily, while I drew my old timekeeper from its fob and wondered what might come next. The fire of chase was kindled, and the glow of expectation and excitement fairly lit within us. Now the pack had overshot the line, and the master drew them gently back along the outer edge of the wood — towards which the balance of possibilities pointed as direction. Yoi-over! and they were away — huntsman and whip leaping forth from the leafy branches, as through a paper hoop, in order to gain the stubble field in their wake. I believe it was an old snake fence that they jumped; but I was far too eager to push my face through the overhanging branches to do more than give Shipmate the office to follow, and sit tight as he rose. *Forrard* they stream! Now, if there is one sight upon earth that has

power to lift me several heavens above it, to bid heart and spirit spring forward as if with no dragging clay attached, to thrust out of thought all else in the world (aye, even groveling fear), it is a pack of hounds flying to a head — while a good horse indorses their glad appeal. Is it not so with you? If not, then cast me aside, for this brief story is only of myself, who imagine that you would have felt and thought as I did. In my place you would have followed almost automatically over the sturdy post-and-rail beyond the wood, well content, then, to have got beyond them, and right thankful that your host's good mount apparently deserved his reputation — wondering also, possibly, as you glanced forward, what proportion, or if even a substratum, of truth had lain in the comforting words of the Master as he rode from the meet. "Very big and gaunt these fences look!" we had remarked; adding, with a jauntiness we were far from feeling, "But they say the horses here

jump them well enough." "Oh, you'll find some rails down, or a gap, in almost every one," he had answered. And we had believed him, as the artless miner believed the Heathen Chinee.

See! What is he doing now? Where are the rails down, and where is the gap? Six foot of timber, surely — and he is within three strides — both ears cocked and both spurs in! Nay, I will lower six inches — but never another inch, an' I have to prove it at pistol point. Well, it was death or degradation now — and no time to balance the account. So I gave the old horse a strong pull, gripped him tight between my nervous knees, chose my panel some three lengths from my instigator, and sat still for the result. Rugged and awful loomed the ponderous top-rail, on a level with my horse's ears — one of which (ill omen) was twinkling towards the exemplar on our right. A moment more, and we seemed right under the frowning barricade — then a hoist, a bang, a pro-

longed quiver, but no fall, though a yard of turf was ploughed up, and the demonstrator turned quietly in his saddle for a smile and a word of encouragement.

They have a habit, it seems, with the Hunt in question — and a habit not altogether unwarranted, of leaving to the Master, in his capacity as huntsman, the responsibility of showing the way to his field. As here, as elsewhere, his is the duty and business of obtaining room for his hounds, and as here he is likely to know as much about the probable line as any one, the etiquette is justifiable from every point of view. At the same time it is a high trial to put upon him who plays second, or third, or minor fiddle that he has to play exactly the same tune as the professor whose first fiddle is an instrument of exceptional merit. Were it my fortune to become a habitual member of this gallant orchestra, fain would I bargain that the leader should occasionally, if not usually, wield his powerful bow upon

a fiddle of less exemplary tone. As it is, however, whither he leads the others invariably follow, resining their bows manfully, and picking themselves up undauntedly when for the moment knocked out of time or tune. And horse as well as man adapt themselves to the custom, and so almost involuntarily attach themselves to his lead.

Meanwhile old Straduarius — I mean Hempstead — had swung quickly to the right in the track of hounds, and cantered easily over another such hair-raiser as the post and rails preceding. Shipmate this time was well in his wake; and, feeling himself now duly authorized, bounded over with a rollicking spring that seemed never-ending for height and distance. Indeed, from this moment he never laid iron to wood, nor trifled with a stick. "Stick" did I say? Our newest ox rails in the Shires are sticks by comparison: these were, every one of them, half as thick through as a railway sleeper.

But even yet, though gathering confidence with each swish into the air, and grateful courage with each quiet return to terra firma, I had by no means brought myself to believe in immunity in store. The next question asked was in the form of the snake or zigzag, the old-time fence of the country, built at a period when men merely piled up split rails in twelve feet lengths and to a sufficient height (four feet and upwards) — keeping them together as we can zigzag cards on their edges across a table, and supporting them at the angles with two or three other split rails stuck upwards. At this description of fence you have to ride either sideways, or by turning in the last few strides as you ride. And, stalwart as they are, the snake fences are neither so lofty as the champions among their morticed brethren, nor — being more closely built and so in a measure resembling a wall — are they so deterrent, to the eye of one whose collar-bones have already been knotted and

spliced amid the rail-guarded pastures of Leicestershire.

Now the chase was following a lane. "This is as it should be," thought I, as I thundered down the hard-beaten cattle track after my cicerone. "Wonder if they have any gates in these parts?" The answer came soon, with the end of the "lane" (as I had deemed it for a short hundred yards). Two rails alone blocked the outlet — at a height no whit below the average of the obstacles just reasoned with. Hempstead was already being quietly squeezed — as the moment demanded or measurement suggested — and in a few seconds more the pink back was gliding onward, with the black rail outlined as it were a belt against his waist. (I remember Custance on The Doctor served me just such a trick — ah, how many years ago! — in a lane beyond Lowesby: only that it was not quite so much so, except that the ground was just as hard. And yet now nobody stopped, and nobody,

as far as I know, was down. We should one and all have done the former, had the scene been laid in the Merry Midlands. Then some good man would have jumped off to pull it down — and then, like enough, many of us would have ridden through without thanking him, or even catching his horse?

But I shall weary you. For so engrossed was I with my own task, my own difficulties, wonderments, and, I may add, keen enjoyment, that with one eye given to the pack, and the other divided between the artistic back in front of me and the next-coming complication in front of him, I had no leisure to note much of what others might be doing. Now and then Mr. Roby on Brunette would land over a fence beside me, or glance lightly over the next one ahead — the little mare bounding into space like a springbok — or Mr. Cottenet (huntsman of The Meadowbrook) would race by upon a gray thoroughbred, said to be almost new to the game now being

played. A natural faculty, truly — and superadded to a liberal development thereof at home — should a horse possess before essaying the unbreakable country in question. Many a green young one have I pushed over — or through — the varied hinderments of our green Midlands; and derived great fun and sport from the process. But nothing short of a pension should induce me to ride a novice upon Long Island. My one visit has enabled me to realize that a horse of great jumping power, complete education, and unswerving courage may be a very safe conveyance, and may treat you, moreover, to a sensation as delightful as it is novel. But five-foot timber that is no more likely to break than the mainmast of this good ship — my present mount over a yet rougher country — is about the last form of exercise I should set for the schooling of the youngster, with any hope of his carrying himself and me through — *i.e.*, to the end of a run. What say you? And what say you if

those five-foot rails be into a road, with a drop of a couple of feet on landing? And how would you expect a young one to recover himself in time to go out again, by doubling over a trench by the road side, and striking off a weed-grown bank to clear timber of nearly equal height beyond — and the whole width of the road being little more than three horses' lengths? He didn't! But it was the gray's only mistake — beyond rapping his legs raw in half a dozen places.

All this had taken place in about a quarter of an hour — during which we had been galloping steadily, and jumping, it seemed to me, incessantly. "Titus' fences," I am told, is the Hunt designation of the district — or rather of Mr. Titus' system of subdivision. Whether Titus be emperor, farmer, republican, or democrat, I had no opportunity of inquiring; but his style of fence-making is, I make bold to assert, nothing less than imperial — and I commend it, with all respect, to every

agriculturist who, while entertaining a proper hatred of wire, is yet averse to having his fences knocked down. I warrant you that friend Titus seldom, if ever, finds a panel broken.

By this time I had assumed sufficient confidence to consider myself justified in once more attempting a line of my own, rather than continue to follow blindly in the footsteps of a guide, however talented and trustworthy. Accordingly, as the pack hit the line after a brief check, I cut myself loose as it were from my leading strings, and set forth to walk alone: that is to say, I left the Master riding on the left of his pack while I strode forth on the right — riding "wide of hounds" as His Lordship might forcibly recommend, that thus on hounds swinging to fault one may be pretty sure to find oneself among some of them and be ——. I soon discovered, however, that to an arrangement of this kind there must be two consenting parties. No sooner had I topped the

boundary of the next ten-acre pasture, than I found myself confronted by another roadway, with hounds just diving through the fence beyond. This land, too, was flaked by the same uncompromising timber, and this land also held out a drop to the coming "lepper." However, we had managed such before: so I hardened my heart, and imagined myself already half over. Not so old Shipmate. He had no idea of being fooled thus by an ignorant Britisher. "No Sir!" he said plainer than words, "I guess the Master's lead is good enough for me": and therewith he stuck his head against one of the middle bars, and pulled up dead short. I turned him still further from hounds; and sent him with both spurs in his ribs, full tilt at the barrier at right angles to us. More determinedly than ever he stopped in the last stride. The situation became appalling. Here was I, as completely penned as a steer in a stockyard. Desperately I twisted him round; and, setting his head for the fourth

side of the great corral, brought arms and legs and tongue to assist in a final despairing charge. Whether it was the strange sting of the last-named implement — sharpened on many a foreign whetstone — or whether, as is more likely, the present course exactly chimed in with his own preconceived ideas, I cannot say. But, hesitating no longer, the old horse flicked out of the enclosure like a brick, wheeled to the rein immediately, and was in and out of the road ere you could have clapped your hands. Two fields further the pack were at momentary fault; and henceforth Shipmate behaved as faultlessly as a girl at her chaperon's elbow.

The sun was now blazing warmly; the dust lay hot and thick where till recently had been heavy cornfields. Thus pace slackened as we passed the woodlands to the northward of Westbury, and adjacent to the sea (the name of those woodlands I failed to catch: but they are "full of foxes," quoth the Master, "though the foxes are

difficult to drive into the open"). The heat was beginning still further to tell its tale as hounds hunted by Hone's Wood, and by the Queens County Kennels at East Williston — our fox mercifully choosing an easier line, wherein many a bar was prone and gaps were to be found at last.

So, nearly to Mineola town or village, within sight of which, and by the side of some standing corn, hounds caught a view, dashed into their fox, and tore him up so quickly that barely a head was left to be given to the stranger. Forty-five minutes the run, from start to finish — a jolly ride, and a stirring experience such as for novelty and for brisk sensation I commend to whoever shall have found Leicestershire slow, Meath pedantic, or the Badminton short of foxes and sport. For my part, if the yawning ditches of Meath frightened me last October, the frowning timber of Long Island has this month scared me considerably more. A few more such autumn

episodes, and I shall have no nerve remaining even for gentle Northamptonshire. The naked wire of Australia would seem to be the only terror left to sample — and that I am certainly content to leave untried. By the way, were these Mr. Gordon Bennett's schooling grounds, before he took the field in the Melton district? If so, I no longer marvel at the temerity that led him to overestimate Riga's capacity, at a rasping gate below Ranksboro' Gorse — with consequences, however, less awful than at first appeared.

Mr. P. F. Collier and Mr. C. Carroll, in spite of an unlucky turn at starting, were both on the scene of the kill as soon as others; while Miss Roby and Miss Carey, with intuitive knowledge of locality, had contrived to bring their vehicles alongside the chase for the final half-mile.

Mr. Frank Griswold's handling of hounds is, I may be permitted to say, both quiet and masterly. As to his riding to them, I will merely remark that if any man could

be found in England or Ireland capable of sailing more smoothly, determinedly, and gracefully over the tremendous timber fences of the day in question I would gladly travel from far to see him do it.

A RIDE WITH THE MEADOW-BROOK HOUNDS, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

From "The Field," October 13, 1894, by Captain E. Pennell-Elmhirst ("Brooksby").

I AM a strong believer in an occasional nerve-test. Perhaps — and certainly nowadays — I would scarcely follow the principle so far as did an intimate friend of mine, who offered himself to be carried by Blondin across the rope stretched from Canterbury Cathedral, and was intensely mortified to find himself anticipated (by the late Capt. Pritchard Rayner, if I remember right). Another earnest advocate of the theory was a brother officer who, in the flogging days of the Army, in all honesty avowed himself anxious to try the tripod "to see whether he could really stand the punishment." Needless to say, he never acquired the opportunity.

But he was sincere; and, his aspiration, however grotesque, was but the expression of a principle sufficiently founded.

As a nerve tonic, to be taken like other tonics (local instance in point, the cocktail) just prior to the meal—*i.e.*, to the regular hunting season — I may safely commend a ride over the timber fences of Long Island, New York. I will answer for it that the dose will be found refreshing, stimulating, and appetizing. For my part, I had tried it once before; and had then swallowed at a gulp what I now accepted on a willing palate. One's first oyster was startling: one's second was swallowed with more or less gusto. Whether a complete course would ensure full relish must, I fancy, depend in a great measure on the organization, mental and physical, of the subject under treatment.

I have before described Long Island, its fences and its mode of hunting. This was two years ago. It is now only necessary for me to repeat that the surface of the

country is tolerably flat, the soil for the most part sandy and diligently cultivated, that for fences the farmers use only post and rails *of four foot and upwards* and of uncompromising strength, and that for foxes the Hunt management very properly prefer the man-with-a-bag to a short-running bagman from the neighboring woods. Thus it is at all times open to the director of affairs to meet the requirements of occasion. It may happen it is the first day of the season; it may happen that a certain number of ladies wish to join in the sport; it may chance that an inquiring visitor from the Old Country is desirous of seeing how it is all done; and it may even turn out that the last named has come as "a chiel among them taking notes." A fair sample of sport and country must at all events be dealt out to *him*. And here it is, as he now read it — so far as an elegant mite of horseflesh and his own little meed of capacity allowed him to translate.

"The opening meet will be at the Meadowbrook Club, and the run will be the best of the season," wrote my friendly host, to welcome me eastward from the mountains, and to tempt me to a renewal of an experience that had thrilled me no little in the autumn of 1892 — an experience I am never tired of retailing to my trusting comrades of the Shires, and that now, in all modification of script and adjective, I am about briefly to repeat. (By the way, I have a parenthesis. It may be remembered by the incredulous that I then wrote of more than one five-foot timber-fence occurring in that run of 1892. Only two months ago I chanced to be again in Long Island for a day on my way west. Driving from Mineola I came across one of those very fences, jumped out, and stood alongside of it. It was *full* five feet and with a drop into the road — the road, it is true, not macadamized.) And now I will tell you how the horses upon Long Island are taught to

negotiate with ease and certainty these unbending obstacles. Almost every man who has a hunting box or stables on the Island makes a point of fixing up a circular school, round which each horse in turn is practised without rein or encumbrance. Heavy log-timbers form the two jumps, and are raised or lowered by weight or pulley. No horse is considered fitted to begin with hounds till he can go readily round — taking each jump at five feet. Thus taught, and with the ground invariably sound — on the grass hard as an Indian maidan, no wonder they seldom make a mistake — and that thus riding-to-hounds is a practicable, if not a very widely popular, pastime upon Long Island.

I had seen this exercise enacted a day or two previous in the schools of Mr. T. Hitchcock and of the club — in both of which a three year old had easily jumped the required height. And in both of these stables, as well as in those of Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Ellis, I had been privileged

to look over various made hunters, whose performance is beyond question and whose appearance was alone a most sufficient guarantee of the necessary power. Verily, a bad horse would readily break your neck upon Long Island; so, needless to say, he is unsought for, whatever his price. Mr. Hitchcock's neat horses are altogether of the long, low, and thoroughbred type: Mr. Winthrop's, on the contrary, are tall and upstanding; so is at least one of Mr. Ellis', while Lofty, a bay on which Mr. Herbert was today mounted, is taller than all—being over seventeen hands. The other three gentlemen above named were all, at the last moment, prevented from joining the chase of Monday.

The summer of 1894 happens to have been unusually devoid of rain; and the surface of the island became consequently almost as dry as a dead camp-fire. The summer itself seemed hardly to have passed away, as under the lowering sun we rode to the trysting place this Monday afternoon,

Oct. 1. No further law is permitted to late comers upon Long Island than has already been allowed to the man with the bag. Of these registered minutes they are at liberty to avail themselves for conversational and such like purposes as are supposed to pertain to a meet of hounds. Thus, at four o'clock to a moment Mr. Frank Griswold was to be seen issuing from the club grounds — some seventeen couple round his heels, and Joe Murphy in attendance — Master and man as well equipped, well-mounted and businesslike as when I saw them two years ago. Since that date Mr. Griswold, amalgamating his own pack with that of the club, has succeeded Mr. T. Hitchcock as Master of the Meadowbrook on the latter resigning and establishing hounds in South Carolina. With the Mastership, be it added, comes the privilege of at all times and under all circumstances leading the field in the pursuit of hounds. Methinks, were this etiquette to be acknowledged and enforced in Old

England, many a change of Mastership would speedily be announced. Looked at from one point of view alone — imagine the feelings of the M. F. H. called upon to live ever in front of the galloping hundreds of the Quorn or Pytchley! If you want another point of view, you will find it in a glimpse of the Long Island timber: fancy yourself booked for the post in question for a period of years, three times a week whatever the weather and whatever your mode of life or its temptations; then go home, and there study at leisure "A Question of Courage" as set forth in this month's *Lippincott's Magazine*.

For all exigencies that might rise on the present occasion the Master appeared admirably mounted, on a beautiful mare named Sweetheart, said to have been bred in Canada, and known to have been successfully exhibited at the New York Horse Shows — where she has more than once achieved a record of six feet in the jumping arena. Murphy was riding the big Cana-

THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS, 1893
F. G. Griswold on the Irishman

dian mare, Kannuck; Hewett, stud groom of the Meadowbrook Hunt, was mounted on a powerful, apparently rather underbred horse whose reputation is second to none as a sure conveyance, which means that he and his rider (the latter long since handicapped by broken thighs and various minor fractures incidental to the practise of tutoring young horses upon Long Island) were easily equal to all contingencies of the day. Whenever it came to attacking an awkward leap out of a road, the first to turn towards it were usually Hewett and his big horse, followed instantaneously by his little son, "a seventy-five-pound boy," and a wonderful dun pony — who, if the timber happened to be too big for him, would go on and off it like a greyhound.

Of the field there were Mr. Charles Carroll, on his black Irish horse, Honest John, that has carried him some seasons and has also won many prizes. Mr. Carroll (who, by the by, was duly clad in

the pink of the chase) is a keen foxhunter — having graduated in the fields of the Old Country and of Pau. He had now, with Mr. Herbert aforesaid, traveled all night from the Geneseo Valley, where good natural foxhunting prevails, and where the farmers turn their attention largely to the breeding of hunters. Beside him were Mr. H. S. Page, in the cool white clothing of summer; Mr. Victor Morowitz on a particularly neat bay mare, that I had already seen at the kennels, and that I am told has won many jumping prizes at the New York Riding Club; Mr. J. L. Kernochan on a hog-maned chestnut that has already visited Leicestershire in Mr. Mortimer's stud, and Mrs. Kernochan, superbly mounted on Retribution, said to be the best half-bred steeple-chase mare in the country. Mr. Rawlings Cottenet was on Red Baron, who bears the character of being fast and very good; Mr. Van Renseler Kennedy on the old-fashioned and reliable Wisdom; and Mr. George Day on the

Laverack mare (horse and man alike powerful and capable). Mr. Willard Roby was alone riding a horse raised upon Long Island, viz., Gimcrack by Biloxi. Gimcrack had been hunted only once or twice previously; but, having been well schooled at home, was able to go faultlessly through the run. Mr. S. D. Ripley was on his nice bay mare, Molly, who also has won honors at the shows. And here ends my knowledge of the members of the field. I can only add that, as in Ireland, every one who goes hunting upon Long Island must be on business bent. There are few gates and fewer gaps; and shirking is of no avail.

The Westbury Plain, upon which the Meadowbrook Club is situated, has almost the scope of Newmarket Heath, and is level and rideable from end to end. Across this trotted the little cavalcade, some twenty horsemen, while a strong muster of carriages drove round the flank to Westbury town. Among the charioteers were

Mr. Whitney (ex-secretary of the navy) and his daughter, Mrs. C. Carroll, Mrs. T. Hitchcock, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Smith-Hadden, Mrs. Peters, Miss Roby, Miss Marié, Miss Bird, etc. Doubtless they were to some extent informed of the intended course, for they reappeared in force no less than three times during the run. Though there can be but remote risk of their heading the fox, the presence of a number of vehicles along an intersecting lane is said to be at times not altogether without its dangers to riders and drivers alike. For instance, it is on record that at Newport, not long ago, one of the field of horsemen jumped clean into the body of a landau — turning a somersault, horse-man on the further side, without damage to anybody.

Crossing the railway, the Master moved northward. Already I had a vivid fore-boding of what was intended; for had I not been reminded that north was the direction when, two years ago, we were

treated to Titus's Farm and his well-known fences, and had I not heard it discussed overnight as to whether the run so confidently foretold would be over the easy country south or in the contrary direction? However, having long ago emerged from that period of life when, knowing no fear, one often affected it, and having on the contrary attained that far less desirable state of being frequently in a funk, while never daring to show it, I followed with apparent complacency till, to my absolute relief, hounds suddenly broke from the road, and with a whimper set forth upon the open grass adjoining. A wave of the Master's hand and a note of the horn brought them back to the line across which they had flashed. From habit the old watch was drawn from the fob, then the billycock was beaten down, reins were shortened in hand, and the fun began. Aye, it was fun too, for the next half-hour — a pastime of itself, a merry ride, a jovial experience. Put all comparisons out of

mind. Remember, this was a simple drag hunt over a quaint and sturdy country; 'tis the game that men have here been forced to accept in lieu of foxhunting: and certainly it cannot be laid to their charge that they have been content with any child's play as a substitute.

Some upright poles against the sun almost proclaimed a wire — before we had galloped half a mile, and before we had reached a fence. Dazzled by the sunlight, Mr. Cottenet and a half a dozen others broke through it with a clang and without a fall. A zigzag fence stood across our path, and with this we opened the ball, while hounds clustered and settled to run hard across the cornfield beyond. I like those zigzag fences, the relics of pioneer farming in Eastern America. They are not so tall as the more modern post and rails; they are more tangible to the eye, yet hold out some hope of crumbling to the ground if struck. The others are fixtures, indeed, seldom relinquishing any

but a single top bar, and that only under the strongest possible protest. And of this sort was the next — into a very narrow lane, and prefaced by a very indistinct take-off, where weeds from beneath the corn crop had trespassed close to the timber. The Master selected a place beneath a tree, and was no sooner in the lane than a second bound from Sweetheart carried him, *nolens volens*, out beyond. The two next comers entered pocket to pocket, and many others, missing the more eligible spot, were fain to skirmish down the strong rails till they came to the Jericho turnpike and the woods above Mr. Winthrop's house. A momentary check brought all the field together; Murphy jumped off to unchain the lane gate — into the road, horsemen treaded their way through the stream of carriages, and hounds went off again at cry. Now for a fair sample of Long Island. Look right and look left. No escape. Each twenty-acre field is bound round with these great mortised fences: and gates

are as little known as in the Green Island beyond the ocean. One spot is altogether the same as another; our leader follows in the track of hounds; and the first four-footer is flown without rap of hoof or even refusal. The second is like unto it — but may claim a few inches more, with the advantage or otherwise of a slight drop. Ah, what a delicious sensation! — the bound of a freegoing horse, eager for his jump and careful of his stride. 'Tis like a gasp of mountain air again, that one breathes in the few seconds of that voyage aloft. I have always held that a fair pace at strong timber is best and safest — as it is certainly most pleasurable. I find my theory indorsed again and again among the timber jumpers of America. See Mr. Griswold there (whose performance in this direction I have learned to regard as almost phenomenal) taking the wooden barricades at a steady gallop, his horse pulled together for each fresh effort, but the pace seldom checked, and a fall so

seldom scored that today's instance, later on, was regarded as almost unique.

But meanwhile a clatter and crash proclaim loudly that a liberty, sure to be resented, has already been taken by some reckless quadruped. Sure enough, Mr. Page's young mare, after rolling over her white-clad rider and leaving him with a broken collarbone, is to be seen careering past hounds to join a bunch of colts in a mad gallop round the enclosure (bad luck for a good man, on this the first day of a brief season. But defend me, for one, from ever attempting the Long Island country on a "green horse"!). Forward still for the others — the lady on Retribution holding her own gallantly, over a stronger line than I, at least, ever rode in our English Shires! Look here! Four massive rails into a narrow road — along it, not twenty yards to the left, surely a gateway that I have seen before. Some memory at all events flashes through my startled brain as Mr. Griswold dashes at

the breach. Breach, good heavens, 'tis the selfsame set of drawrails over which they contrived to lead us two years ago from out of Titus's classic pastures. They looked, I remember, ghastly then. But surely they have grown in the interim. A hog-backed rail now surmounts the too-sufficient barway of that time — and Mr. Griswold is just spinning over the lot, at a pace rather increased than diminished, Sweetheart rising at about the angle at which a bear would climb a tree. I see no use in shutting my eyes, I haven't the nerve to pull up and go home; but I can't help praying that the little mare's stride may be right and true — another moment we are over what I had deemed a hopeless impossibility; and a grateful blessing leaves my lips for Brunette's kindly owner. A phase of high farming possibly; but — whether or no — this extra top rail has, I am told, been quite recently added to most of the fences of this particular district.

(And, by the by, I am promised the

measurement of these particular drawrails; so will commit myself to no premature estimate.[1])

Soon another road and another brief check (twenty minutes to this, and under a still blazing sun). The Old Westbury Post-office stood here — as we had leisure to see, while hounds were carried down the road and we waited to take our turn at some low rails into the highway. The heat, the pace, and the occasional soft soil of the lately stripped cornfields had begun to tell on horses now for the first time called upon to gallop. A white lather was the token with some, a certain careless-ness at the smaller fences with others. Had that road been stoned, I know well where one set of broken knees would have been earned — while a feat of retrograde climbing (hand over hand, from ground to bridle, bridle to mane, mane to saddle)

[1] The rail being roached the actual jump was 5 feet 6 inches.

was being enacted that would have done more than credit to Aldershot's gymnasium or Canterbury's riding school.

Some of the more prudent or sensible members of the field now pulled up. The others rode out again eastward till hounds bore once more to the right, for Wheatley. Jumping out of the Wheatley road Sweetheart (of whom it is only fair to add that this was her first day's experience as huntsman's horse) fell heavily, and the Master's foot hung for a few moments in the stirrup. Soon, however, he was up and away in pursuit of Mr. Carroll, who had turned out of the road simultaneously. Several strong fences came here — of which I and my brave, but now slightly blown, little mount were able to avoid personal experience, by seizing upon a line of lighter fences, a hundred yards or so on the left. Indeed, I could not help fancying that these had actually been lowered, according to custom, by bold reynard himself towards the close

of his flight. Murphy and Hewett were also ready to accept them. And a few minutes later we "ran into him," near Mr. Lane's house. Thirty minutes, and my story told.

II

RACING

"ALL MEN ARE EQUAL ON AND UNDER THE TURF"

RACING

HOW THE DERBY WAS WON

1881

RANCOCAS FARM was an interesting place to visit during the winter of 1878–79. A select party of sportsmen used to pass every week-end there, enjoying the hospitality of Mr. Pierre Lorillard. He would entertain us after dinner with his plans for winning the Derby. We little thought at that time that his ambition so soon would be crowned with success.

In the autumn of 1878 he had sent his trainer, Brown, and assistant, Sickles, to England with a string of race horses with which to begin the campaign. It must not be supposed, however, that horses bred in America had never made their mark in England, for both Mr. Ten Broeck and Mr. Sanford had raced there. In 1859, Prioress was the heroine of a dead

heat with two other animals, El Hakim and Queen Bess, for the Cesarewitch, which she won in the deciding heat; and in 1858 she won the Great Yorkshire Handicap at Doncaster. In 1859, Starke won the Goodwood Stakes, and in 1861 the Goodwood Cup and the Brighton Stakes. In the same year Optimist won the Ascot Stakes. Umpire won the Nursery Stakes at Goodwood, and was close up in the betting with Wizard and Thormanby for the Derby of 1860.

Mr. Lorillard's greatest hope of success on the English turf was the Duke of Magenta, purchased from his brother at what was then considered a great price. The horse did not leave with the other horses, but was shipped alone later in the season. He had a very rough trip, — the hatches were battened down for days, and the air became very bad. He arrived in a shocking condition, thoroughly poisoned, and afflicted by a series of abscesses, one of which destroyed his wind. He had been

From a painting by Harry Hall

PAROLE BY LEAMINGTON–MAIDEN

Fred Archer up

insured for $25,000 against accident, yet it needed a lawsuit for Mr. Lorillard to recover the money. Parole, who was a five-year-old in 1878, had been shipped to England to lead the Duke of Magenta in his work. It was supposed that his best days were over, and there was little thought of winning races with him. On the contrary, he ran very well indeed. He won the Newmarket Handicap, carrying 116 pounds, beating the great Isonomy, then a four-year-old, with 124 pounds up, and followed this by winning the City and Suburban, the Great Metropolitan, the Great Cheshire Handicap, and the Epsom Gold Cup. The following year he won the Liverpool Cup, but was disqualified on the ground of a cross. After that he was so harshly handicapped that he could not win, and was sent back to America to win many races on his native heath. Falsetto was sent to England in 1879, having been the best three-year-old of his year in America, but broke down after running a wonderful

trial with Parole. A number of yearlings were also shipped in 1879, some of Mr. Lorillard's own breeding, and others which he had purchased and which were by Leamington. The best two proved to be Iroquois, by Leamington out of Maggie B. B., and Paw-Paw, a full sister of Parole, by Leamington out of Maiden. She won the Molecomb Stakes, but was injured shortly after and died of lockjaw. It was hard luck to lose her, for she could beat Iroquois with ease.

Iroquois began his career as a two-year-old by winning a plate at Newmarket on May 12. He was beaten for the Woodcote Stakes, won a stake at the Epsom Summer Meeting, was beaten in the New Stakes, and lost the July Stakes to Bal Gal by a head; won the Chesterfield Stakes, and was an odds on favorite for the Great Kensington two-year-old plate, but failed to win. He won the Levant Stakes, and ran second in the Findon. He had been ridden in all his races by a jockey named

H. Jeffery; but the stable, being dissatisfied, sent to America for Barbee to ride the horse. Barbee was all at sea on the English courses, and the horse was beaten in his races at the end of the season; namely, the Champagne, Hopeful, and Clearwell stakes. This finished his two-year-old career. He won his races when unbacked, but was beaten when the money was on. Jeffery knew his class, and it was reported that he backed him for the Derby at long odds for sufficient money to retire with a small fortune.

The horse had not received the best of attention. Mr. Brown, the trainer, being too heavy to ride, seldom saw him work, and never saw him run except at headquarters. He was also very homesick, and his chief thought was of a barrel of applejack which he had left in his cellar in New Jersey. He returned to America at the end of the season, and died within a year.

Mr. Lorillard was thus without a trainer for his English stable. Jacob Pincus had

been training for him in America with success, and he decided to send Pincus to England and, to make matters doubly sure, he engaged Thomas Puryear to go with him as adviser. Puryear was getting old, he could not ride, and although he had had a lifelong experience with race-horses, he had very little opportunity to be of assistance at Newmarket. When his advice was asked, he gave it, but he had no way of knowing if it was acted upon. He never really knew what work the horses had done.

Mr. Pincus had a most erratic way of training. He would work a horse to death one week, and the following week not work him at all. He was chiefly interested in Passaic, who, later on, won the Suburban Handicap for Lord Rossmore, and in one or two other horses that he had trained as two-year-olds in America. Iroquois was neglected. Puryear met Matthew Dawson on the Heath one morning, and he remarked that Pincus did not seem to be doing much

with Iroquois. He volunteered the information that Bal Gal was the best piece of horse flesh that he had ever trained, and that any horse good enough to come within a head of beating her, as Iroquois had done in the July Stakes, was good enough to win any Derby.

Pincus left shortly after for Lincoln with horses to run in the Handicap, and Puryear was left in charge of the stable. He gave Iroquois a couple of good gallops, and was surprised at his daily improvement. It was decided to start Iroquois as well as Passaic in the Two Thousand Guineas. Iroquois had done so little work by the day of the race that he started at fifty to one. He ran second to Peregrine. Passaic ran badly, and, as he became unsound, was sold. The trainers gave Iroquois their undivided attention from this on, and he won the Newmarket Stakes and walked over for the Burwell. Archer asked permission to ride him for the Derby, which he won, with Peregrine second and Town

Moor third. He then won the Prince of Wales Stake at Ascot, with 131 pounds up, and the St. James Palace Stakes. Between Ascot and the Leger he was trained in an erratic manner which did not at all please the touts. The odds against him the night before the race were ten to one. He won the race easily.

Between the Leger and the Champion Stakes, in the second October meeting, the horse was allowed to loaf, and he was beaten by the great Bend Or. Puryear looked the horse over after the race, and told Pincus that, as he had supposed, the horse was very short of work, and that, if he wanted him to win the Newmarket Stakes the following day, he had better give him a sweating gallop at once. He was blanketed, and sent for a spin behind the stand, much to the horror of the talent. He won his race the following day.

This ended a most successful season. The Cherry Jacket won more money that season than any other stable in England.

FRED ARCHER

The best jockey of his day

Mr. Lorillard won £12,000 on the Derby. All the yearlings had been backed in the 100 to 1 book except Iroquois, for, being a small yearling, it had not been thought worth while to include him. The following year Iroquois was given fast work before he was properly seasoned, and bled, so did not start. As a five-year-old he was trained by Tom Cannon, who found him difficult to train, owing to his malady. He ran second to Tristan in the Hardwicke Stakes, and won the Stockbridge Cup. Stockbridge being a private meeting, only members of the club are allowed to make entries. The Prince of Wales had the courtesy to enter Iroquois for Mr. Lorillard.

In July the horse was sent back to America. It was the summer when the great races were run at Monmouth Park between Eole, Freeland, Miss Woodford, and George Kinney at a mile and a quarter and a mile and a half. Although Cannon had been unable to train Iroquois to win a race of more than three quarters of a

mile, he was put to work to prepare him to meet these seasoned horses. On August 25 he ran third, lapped with George Kinney and Eole. The trainer told me after the race that he considered it the greatest performance of all time, considering the horse's condition. As nature has her limit, he did not do so well the next time he started, and was retired from the turf. If he had been in the hands of a trainer like Matthew Dawson, there is no knowing what a career he might have had. He was a very great race-horse; the more work he received, the quieter he became; any child could ride or handle him. He was a great doer, as game as possible, and, like all Leamingtons, his action when extended was perfection.

Mr. Robert Peck, than whom there was no greater authority, said that Peregrine was, in his opinion, the best horse he ever tried. Before the Guineas he beat Bend Or at 16 pounds; and that the four-year-old was in his very best form there can be

THIRD SPRING MEETING,

AT PATERSON, N. J.

On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 6th, 7th and 8th.

NO POSTPONEMENT ON ACCOUNT OF THE WEATHER.

And NO DEDUCTION FOR A WALK OVER.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES AND PREMIUMS WILL BE RUN FOR:

FIRST DAY.---First Race.

Premium of $250, for all ages, mile heats.

1. Mr. F. Morris, N. J. enters b c 4 years, Lord Monmouth by Slasher, dam by imp. Langford. Scarlet and Scarlet.
2. D. McCoun, N. J. enters ch c 4 years, Nightlock by Mahomet, dam Prunella by imp. Glencoe. Blue and Red.
3. P. C. Bush, N. J. enters ch f 4 years Lulleme by Lexington, dam by imp. Yorkshire. Blue, Yellow Sleeves.
4. Mr John Hunter, N. Y. (Messrs. Travers & Osgood's, N. Y.) enters b c 4 years Arcola by Lexington, dam Topaz by imp. Glencoe. Orange, Crimson Belt.

SAME DAY.---Second Race.

THE DERBY, a Sweepstake Premium of $1000, for three-year-olds, $50 entrance, play or pay; one and a half mile dash. Closed with [illegible]

1. Dr R. Underwood, Ky., enters ch. f. COLLEEN BAWN, by Endorser, dam Roxana, by imp. Chesterfield.
2. Mr. J. W. Weldon, Mo., enters b. f. by imp. Eclipse, dam by imp. Glencoe.
3. do g. c. by Lexington, dam by Grey Eagle.
4. do b. c. by Colossus, dam by Wagner.
5. Mr. R. Aitcheson Alexander, Ky., enters b. f. MAIDEN, by Lexington, dam Kitty Clark by imp. Glencoe. **Blue and Blue.**
6. do b. c. BAT DICK, by Lexington, dam Alabama by Wagner Dick.
7. do ch. c. by Lexington, dam [illegible] Lightfoot, by imp. Trustee.
8. do b. c. do dam Novice, by imp Glencoe.
9. do ch. c. do dam Lira, by imp. Yorkshire.
10. do b. c. by Ringold, dam Nebula, by imp. Glencoe.
11. do ch. f. do dam Emma Wright, by imp. Margrave.
12. do b. c. by Star Davis, dam Lindora, by Lexington.
13. do b. c. by Commodore, dam by imp Ambassador.
14. Mr. H. P. McGrath, Ky., enters b. c BLACKHAIR DAN, by Lexington, dam Lucy Fowler, by imp Albion.
15. do br or bl c HARRY OWEN, by imp Knight of St George, dam Greek Slave, by imp Glencoe
16. Messrs Rowle & Hall, Md., enter g c RICHMOND, by Two Bits, dam Faith, by Childe Harold. **White, Red Seams.**
17. do ch c BALTIMORE, by Reverse dam Marion, by imp Glencoe White, Red seams
18. Mr Philo C Bush N J enters (Messrs. P S Forbes & L W Jerome's N. Y.) b f KATATONK, by imp Lapidist, dam Rhoda, by imp. Glencoe. Blue, and Yellow Sleeves.
19. do b f FILKSTONE, by imp Lapidist, dam Pauline, by Star Davis. **Blue, and Yellow Sleeves.**
20. ch f GILDA, by imp Mango, dam Juliette, by imp Sovereign.
21. Mr. Thos G Saunders, Mo., enters ch f by Lexington, dam Gloriana, by Am. Eclipse
22. Mr. Frank Morris, N. Y., enters b c by Slasher, dam Etiquette by Mariner. **Scarlet and Scarlet.**
23. do b f by Slasher dam Sally Ward, Jr., by imp Glencoe **Scarlet and Scarlet.**
24. Mr. John Hunter, N. Y. [illegible] Sovereign, dam [illegible] **and Crimson Belt.**
25. do ch c WARLOCK by [illegible] ner.
26. do bl f LA NOIRE by [illegible] Blonde, by imp [illegible]
27. do b f SARATOGA [illegible] **Orange, and Crimson Belt.**
28. do b f PRINCESS [illegible] Melbourne.
29. do ch f OLETA, by [illegible] Glencoe.
30. do b c THE [illegible] by Imp Knight of St George cera by imp Sovereign.
31. do ch c CRUSADER, by imp [illegible] Young Knifline.
32. do ch c by imp [illegible] dam sister to Tarpeia by Sarpedon.
33. Mr A Belmont N J enters ch f MARY POWELL by Revenue dam Florida by Wagner. **Orange, and Crimson Belt**
34. f. Mr J S Watson, N J enters b c JUNIUS, by Lexington, dam Miss J Ira, by imp Glencoe. **Orange & Orange.**
35. do ch c MONITOR, by imp Balrowne dam Lady Fairfield, by Herald.
36. Messrs Keber & Kutz Ohio, enter f by Eastern by imp Bonnie Scotland dam by imp Eastern, by imp Monarch
37. Mr. Wm A. Butler, N. J., enters b c by Slasher dam Nannie Lewis, by imp Glencoe.
38. Mr. T G Moore Ky enters T G & G T Moore's b f BELLE LEAS by Lexington dam Bonnie Barrow, by imp Shamrock.
39. Mr. Zeb. Ward, Ky., enters g c by imp Knight of St. George dam by imp Glencoe.
40. do ch c by imp Knight of St. George, dam by Boston
41. do ch c by imp Eclipse, dam by Vincent Nolte.
42. do ch c by Star Davis dam by Imp Anderby
43. do b f by imp Knight of St George, dam by imp Albion.
44. Dr R. C. Keene, Ky., enters b c full brother to Betty Ward

SAME DAY.---Third Race.

Premium of $600, for all ages; two-mile heats.

1. Mr Jas. S Watson, N. J enters b h Capt. Moore, 5 years, by imp. Balrowne, dam Jeannie Rose, by imp. Glencoe. Orange and Orange.
2. Mr. John Hunter, N. Y., (Messrs Travers & Osgood's, N. Y.) enters b c 4 years, Kentucky, by Lexington, dam Magnolia, by imp Glencoe. Orange and Crimson Belt.

The first Race each day will come off promptly at 1:30 P. M., and thirty minutes allowed between the Races.

No Gambling will be allowed on the Course, No Liquors Sold, and No Intoxicated Person Admitted to the Grounds.

EXCELLENT ACCOMMODATION FOR LADIES HAS BEEN PROVIDED.

MY FIRST DAY'S RACING, JUNE 6, 1865

no question, for he had won the City and Suburban easily, giving 2 stone 7 pounds to Foxhall, not to speak of his victory over Robert the Devil in the Epsom Cup. What manner of horse, then, must Iroquois have been to beat such a flyer as Peregrine in the Derby?

HOW THE DERBY WAS LOST

1882

MR. PINCUS returned to America in the autumn of 1881, full of honors for having trained the only American horse that had ever won the Derby. Mr. Lorillard had great hopes for the coming racing season in England. He expected to win many races with Iroquois, and he had a firm belief in Gerald and Sachem, which were entered in all the three-year-old events.

Gerald had been bred at Rancocas, and was by Imp. Saxon out of Girl of the Period; Sachem was by War Dance out of Sly Boots. They were highly tried at Rancocas, both as yearlings and as two-year-olds. It was decided to run Gerald for some of his engagements before shipping him to England. Sachem was put out of training, as he was to go to England

with Gerald, and it was intended that his form should not be made public. Gerald won a purse at Jerome Park and then won the Foam Stakes, beating the highly-thought-of Onondaga. After the race Mr. Lorillard told Mr. Dwyer that he had a two-year-old at the farm turned out to grass that could also beat his horse Onondaga. A match was made for $10,000. Sachem was taken up and given a hurried preparation, and was beaten half a length in a hard race of three quarters of a mile. Although it was a very hot day, Sachem did not sweat at all after the race, showing his condition. This hard treatment broke his courage.

In July both horses were sent to England. Mr. Lorillard intended that they should be reserved for the events of the following year, but Pincus conceived the brilliant idea of starting Gerald in the Middle Park Plate. He ran second to the filly Kermesse, much to the surprise of Pincus and the general public, for the critics

insisted that the horse looked more like a mare heavy with foal than a race-horse. The bright idea of getting good odds on the Derby had the opposite effect. If the horse had been in any sort of racing condition, he could not have lost the race. It had a very bad effect on his temper, which was not to be wondered at. It made him nervous and difficult to train. He would walk or race, he had no other way of going. It was impossible to rate him along or to give him slow work. It was top-speed with him or nothing; at least it was so as he was handled. I often thought that with a light double bridle any good man could have ridden him as he should go, but the exercise boy could not do it; the horse was too much for him.

But to go back. I went to the Union Club one evening in February, 1882, and met Mr. Lorillard, who was my senior in business at the time He asked me how I should like to see the Derby run. I, thinking that he was going to England and

wished me to accompany him, replied, "Very much indeed."

"When will you be ready to go?" was his next question.

I saw then that I was in for it, as he had the power to send me where he would, so replied, "Next Wednesday."

He then told me his plans. Gerald and Sachem were both in England; either of them, he thought, could win the Derby, and he did not know which was the better. He had been backing them both, and stood to lose much money. He wished me to go and look after his betting-book and report what went on in the stable. He had engaged Thomas Puryear to go again as adviser to Pincus, and hoped for the best.

I sailed away with the two trainers, and arrived in due course at Newmarket. I found that it had been an open winter and that all the horses excepting the Lorillard stable had been on the heath every day at exercise. The Lorillard horses had not

left the straw-yard, by order of Mr. Pincus, "Because we do not begin training horses in America until the winter breaks." There had been no winter in England — that is, no frost. The fatal result was that not a single horse in the stable ever did get fit. The great Iroquois was given fast work before he was ready for it, and bled.

On the Sunday before the Two Thousand Guineas was run, Gerald needed a gallop, and Pincus consulted with Puryear as to what he should do. The ground was very hard, and Gerald more nervous than usual. They decided to give him a long sweating gallop under blankets, and he was sent part way down the Beacon Course, accompanied by Mistake, a good selling-plater we had in the stable. Puryear and I were on foot. We went to the top of the Cambridgeshire Hill, and Pincus was told to ride to the finish of the Rowley Mile, with instructions to stop the horses when they passed him if Gerald had come at a good

GERALD BY SAXON-GIRL OF THE PERIOD

pace, but to let him come on up to the town if he had gone slowly.

We watched the horses break. Gerald left Mistake standing still before they had gone a furlong, and came on flying up the Rowley Mile. Puryear turned to me and said, "It is good; Pincus will stop him when he passes." What was our horror to see the horse pass Pincus and come on up the hill at about his best pace. It had begun to rain, and the blankets had soaked up a lot of weight, so that he must have had 135 pounds on his back. When he finished, he was the most distressed race-horse I ever saw. Puryear was nearly out of his mind. Pincus simply said that he thought the horse was going easily, so he let him go on. Gerald had beautiful action; he used to flit along like a swallow when extended, and this probably deceived Pincus.

The horse was scraped and sent home to the stable. As Puryear and I walked after him, he said to me: "Gerald's career

is over. No horse can go through such an ordeal without cracking in some spot." Our supper that evening was not a gay affair. Puryear walked the stable-yard all night. He came in about nine to tell me that Gerald had eaten all his feed; yet he shook his head sadly, and went out again. The following day the horse had walking exercise, and on the day after he bled after a short gallop. Sir John Astley, who fancied the horse greatly and had backed him heavily to win the Derby, was near when the horse pulled up, and his pony beat the record to Newmarket with weight up.

Gerald was scratched for the Two Thousand, and it was decided to start the half-trained Sachem instead. He ran a poor race, as expected. I was now placed in a pleasant position. Mr. Lorrillard stood to win £21,200 on the Derby if Gerald should win, and £20,100 if Sachem should finish first. Each of them had been backed in the 100 to 1 book as yearlings, and

MR. PIERRE LORILLARD IN FLORIDA IN 1893

much money had been put on since. The favorite had cracked, and I had no opportunity to hedge a sixpence. We stood to lose a large sum, and I wrote to Mr. Lorillard, telling him the sorry plight we were in. I begged the trainers to do their utmost with Sachem, but had little confidence in the horse. I felt that the rough treatment he had received as a two-year-old had not improved his courage, and I was not far wrong. The talent of the stable was now devoted to the preparation of Sachem for the Derby. Not much could be done with Gerald, owing to his bleeding. Fred Webb was engaged to ride Sachem, and on the Sunday before the race we tried him behind the Ditch with Mistake, with Webb up on Sachem. He ran a very good trial. Webb said it was the best Derby trial he had ridden since the one he had ridden on Doncaster.

I hurried up to London, found our commissioner, and instructed him to back Sachem for a place the first thing the

following morning for enough money to square our book on both horses. This was done at 8 to 1. At the same time I cabled Mr. Lorillard, "Best bet on Derby is Sachem for a place; odds now 8 to 1." I waited anxiously for a reply. Late Tuesday evening, the night before the race, I received it: "If 8 to 1 for a place, put on £2000." He had been away from New York on his yacht, and had not received my cable until Tuesday. My hands were tied by these instructions. The money we had placed and the jockey's story, which was all over Tattersall's, had driven the odds down to 3 to 1. We received permission to saddle the horses at the post owing to Gerald's nervousness, for it had been decided to start him also. The favorite in the betting was Bruce, who won the Grand Prix de Paris the following Sunday. His colors were orange, and looked very much like our cherry jackets as our two horses and Bruce swung around Tattenham Corner in the van. Bruce

RACE COURSE AT JEROME PARK, 1883

swerved at a piece of paper after rounding the corner, and Sachem just beat him out for the place, being third to Shotover and Quicklime. No man ever rode a more determined race than Webb, the horse trying to stop with him all the way home.

The race was over, and my work was finished. We had lost the Derby, but had saved all the betted money. I passed the evening at Marlborough House with the members of the Jockey Club, by the kind invitation of the Prince of Wales, and sailed for home the following day with a mind full of thoughts of how different the result might have been if a little common-sense had been displayed in handling Gerald. Properly wintered and trained, he could not have lost the Derby of 1882. Sachem ran several races during the season, but would not try. He was sold at the end of the season and proved to be a good horse over a country. Gerald ran fourth in the Leger, and was sold for £1000. The stable was disbanded at the end of the

season, Pizarro, who afterwards won the Suburban Handicap at Coney Island, and Iroquois, going to Tom Cannon to train. Mr. Lorillard wished me to remain in England to look after his stable, promising to send over all his best yearlings. I refused, he bet too much money at the wrong moment for my nerves. We should have had great racing had I accepted, for Wanda and all the great Mortemer horses Mr. Lorillard raised would have run in England instead of in America.

III

SEA-FISHING

WHEN I VISIT NEW WATERS, AND FIND THE FISHING POOR AND AM INFORMED THAT IT IS NOT AS GOOD AS IT USED TO BE, I AM REMINDED OF THE IRISHMAN WHO SAID TO HIS PAL: "PAT, IRELAND IS NOT THE COUNTRY IT USED TO WAS."

"BEGORRA, NO," REPLIED PAT; "AND SHE NIVER WAS."

SEA FISHING

KNOWING that the period of a man's hard-riding days is limited, I prepared for the inevitable some years since by making a pastime of sea-fishing. I have fished for most fish that swim in the American waters, both in the Atlantic and in the Pacific. The fish that interests me the most is the tarpon (*Megalops atlanticus*). I have fished for the tarpon in Florida waters every month in the year excepting in midsummer, all along the Gulf of Mexico as far as Aransas Pass, and in the Panuco River at Tampico, Mexico. I have also fished around the coast of Cuba and the Isle of Pines.

The tarpon is a most interesting fish to study. Although a bottom-feeder, he is often seen rolling along on the surface of the water very much as a porpoise swims. He is not afraid of man or boat, and even

the small fish in the rivers will not increase their speed as you pass them by. In the rivers, when not in motion, they will lie on the bottom, coming to the surface from time to time for a mouthful of air and then retiring to their resting-place, after which the air-bubbles will rise to the surface for some time. It is this action that makes the natives insist that these fish have lungs and use them for breathing. Then, again, they will lie on the bottom for hours, as other fish do, with very little or no motion of the fins. I once caught a very small baby tarpon in a gill-net, and kept him alive in a tub for hours. He did not act as other fish do in like circumstances, but allowed me to stroke him gently without attempting to move. From time to time he would rise to the surface, as the large fish do in the rivers, then go to the bottom of the tub again, and in a moment the bubbles would slowly issue from his mouth. He kept this up all day. Tarpon feed on small school-fish and on mul-

TARPON, 187 POUNDS

St. Lucie River, Florida, January 23

let, yet their long underjaw denotes that they are bottom-feeders. They have no teeth, and the hard mouth, with which they crush their food before swallowing it, is a further proof that they enjoy a diet of crab and the like.

According to Hallock, the River Crow Indians have the following legend:

"Many creations ago, when the salt water covered the surface of the plains and the Rocky Mountain Range formed the shore-line of the primitive continent — long before any land animals existed except reptiles — the Great Spirit had constituted the tarpon-fish the great Silver King, and appointed him to be the guardian of the undiscovered vast ore-beds of silver which fill the mountain crags. He clothed him with silver armor-plates and made him ruler over all the anadromous fishes which came up out of the salt-water estuaries into the fresh-water limpid streams to spawn. Once in every century the Silver King was permitted to bathe in an electro-thermal

medicine spring of liquid silver, and thus preserved and renewed the brightness of his armor. The silver springs flowed from the hidden ore-beds of the inner mountains. Finally the growth of the continent southward drove the ocean before it and thus the tarpon — the Silver King — was forced gradually into the Gulf of Mexico, where he now chiefly inhabits.

"He has gone from his former haunts just like the buffalo which once covered the prairies, and the great silver mines, being thus left unprotected and exposed, soon became revealed to the knowledge and cupidity of men who are now swarming more than ever into the country, bringing their picks and crushers and driving off the game. But the Great Spirit took pity on the Silver King because he was thus deprived of his ward and heritage and because he could no more renew his armor by bathing in the silver spring; and so he made him the everlasting coat of silver mail, which never fades nor wears off,

SEÑOR T. AND HIS FIRST TARPON

AN EARLY MORNING'S CATCH OF TARPON

Damuji River, Cuba

TARPON TAKEN IN THE RIO NEGRO, CUBA

Weight, 130 pounds

either in the water or out of it. It will neither dim nor tarnish. Any Indian brave who wears the scales of the tarpon on his person will possess a medicine which will ever be to him a talisman of good fortune, both in this world and the spirit land to come. Plenty will surround him long after the buffalo have ceased to run."

The first tarpon was taken by rod and reel by William H. Wood of New York on April 18, 1885, bottom-fishing, and it was not until the invention of the Van Vleck tarpon trolling-hook that the method of fishing for them in this manner became a success; for before that, out of ten fish you would "hang" you might with luck save one. I say invention of Van Vleck hook, yet the very same shape of hook can be seen in the Naples Museum, found in Pompeii (which was destroyed A.D. 79) and was probably used for trolling for tuna.

TARPON FISHING

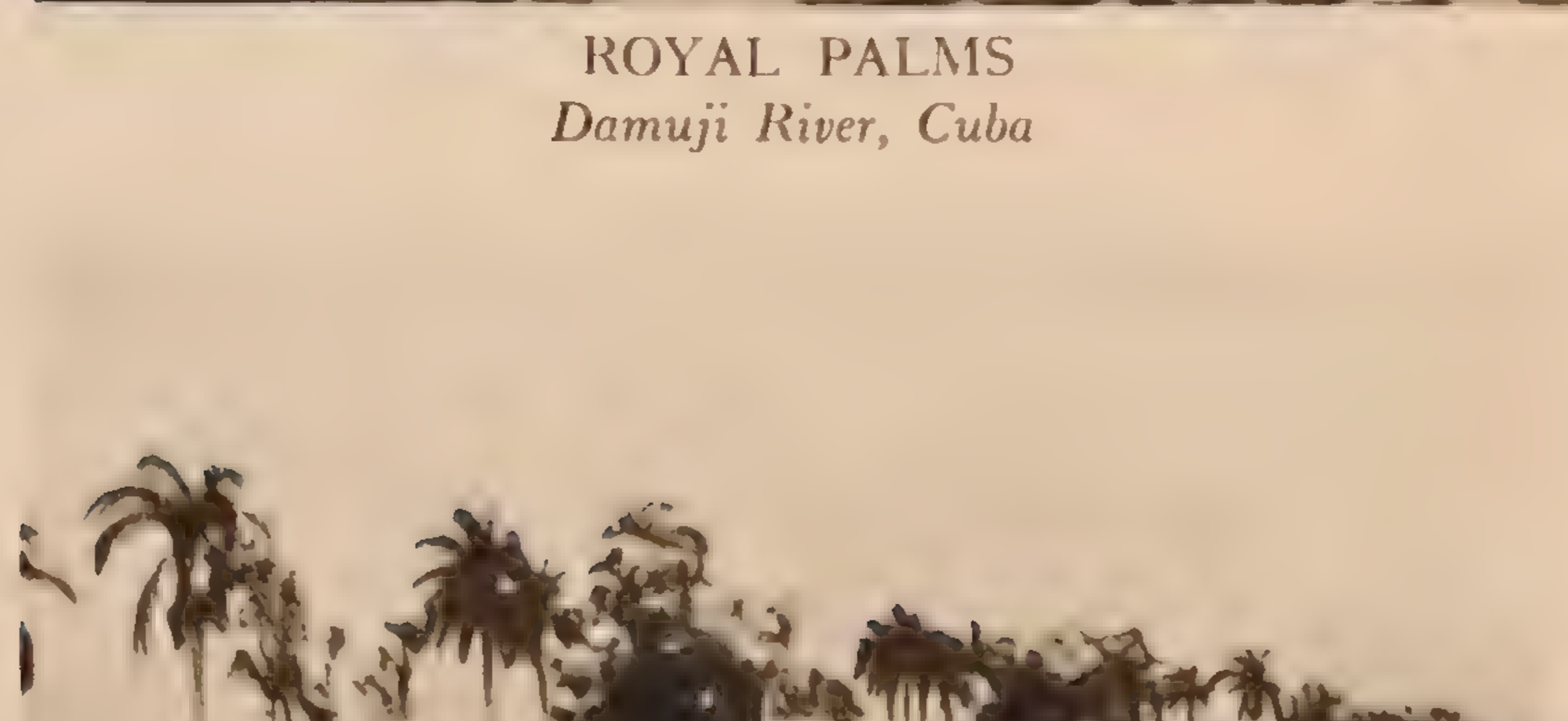
IT does not seem to be generally known that tarpon frequent the rivers of Cuba, though they are to be found at all seasons of the year in a few of the rivers. I say a few of the rivers, for, having searched for them in about twenty, I have found them in only five — in the "Zara" on the north coast, in the Jatibonico, Rio Negro, and Damuji on the south coast, and in the Los Angeles River on the Isle of Pines. Most of the rivers in Cuba are fed from swamps, and their waters are dark and in a muddy condition, which does not seem to appeal to the tarpon. The rivers I speak of are fairly clear, and the Rio Negro is as clear as crystal. The fish trade up and down the rivers on the tide, and are very certain to leave for the open sea just before a northerly storm. You find them in schools of twenty or more

KONA

She has cruised over 20,000 miles in four years on fishing trips

SIX HUNDRED POUNDS OF FISH FROM THE RIO NEGRO, CUBA

ROYAL PALMS
Damuji River, Cuba



DAMUJI RIVER, CUBA
A fine tarpon river

fish of an average weight. The small fish seem to remain for several years in brackish water before going to sea. There are numbers weighing from three to five pounds, and beautiful little fish they are to look at and delightful to take on light tackle.

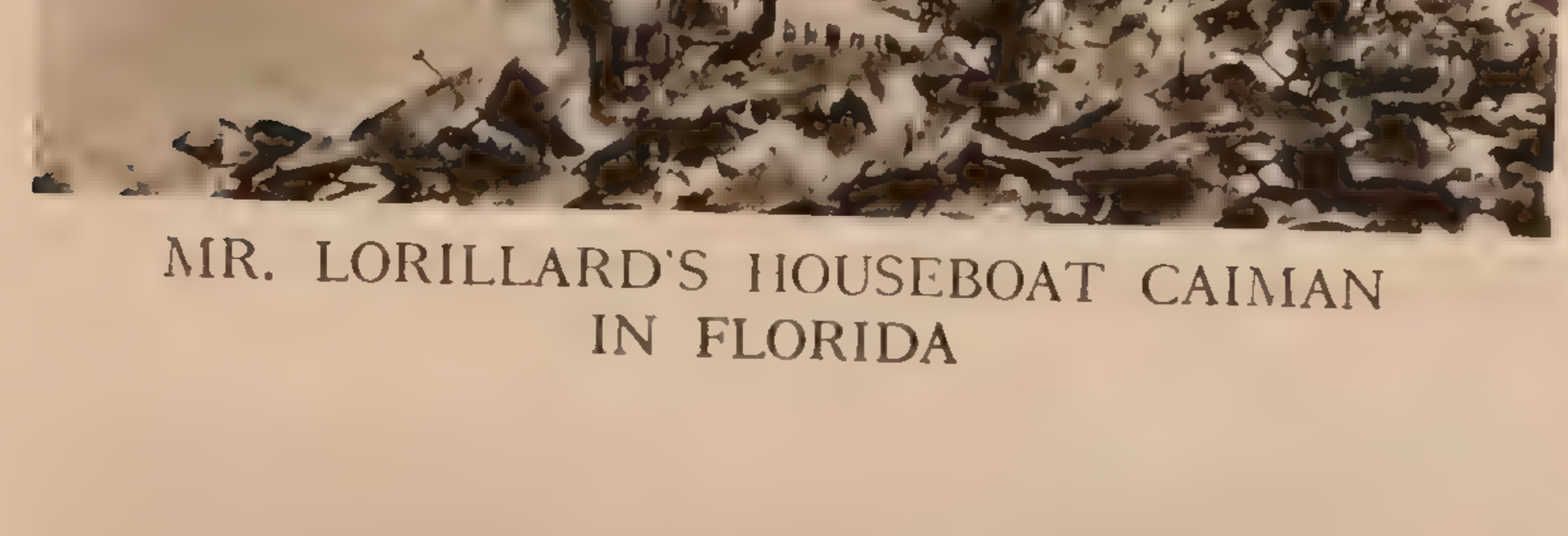
To fish in Cuba you must have a vessel adapted to the waters. She must have power as well as sail and must not draw more than four feet. The rivers are deep, except over the bars at the mouth, where they are very shoal. The tarpon do not seem to go above the tide into fresh water. The limit of the mangrove growth, which does not grow along fresh water, is the limit of the fish. The rivers are lined with mangrove trees and royal palms, and the current is never rapid, so that the waters are ideal for fishing. The fish will average about one hundred pounds, but now and then you will meet a school of giants.

I have cruised from Nuevitas Bay on the north coast around the western end,

of the island to Cienfuegos on the south and have tried most of the rivers that looked promising for sport. I have always fished there in the month of February, and have never failed to find tarpon. In four winters, during a few days' fishing each season, I have played almost two hundred tarpon. I say "played," as I never kill a tarpon unless he is hooked in such a manner that he cannot be set free. I believe that it takes many years for them to grow to maturity, and it seems wicked to destroy such game fish. The natives in Cuba are glad to have them, as they eat them fresh and salted.

The fishing in Cuba in winter is charming, the climate being perfect, with no flies or insects of any kind; but the trip there and back for a small vessel is not easily to be forgotten. With a northerly wind, — and it always seems to blow from that quarter — the Gulf Stream, is the roughest bit of water that I have ever navigated, and the run across from Justias

MR. LORILLARD'S HOUSEBOAT CAIMAN
IN FLORIDA



MR. LORILLARD'S STABLEBOAT IN FLORIDA

Key to Key West is a nightmare. There are other fish, such as snapper, jackfish, grouper, kingfish, Spanish mackerel, and barracouta, to be found off the coast and in the rivers, and I have seen bonefish for sale in the market. Sharks of many varieties and of the largest kind abound.

Winter fishing for tarpon is river fishing, and, in my opinion, is the most interesting and sportsmanlike manner of fishing for the grandest of sea-fish.

Some ten years ago I was cruising in the Indian River, Florida, in a house-boat, and found the St. Lucie River full of tarpon. The good people who live in the neighborhood of Sewall's Point had cut the beach opposite where the St. Lucie empties into the Indian River, for the purpose of deepening the latter and providing a port that would help them to develop that part of Florida. It did not have quite the desired effect, for Gilbert's Bar at the mouth of the inlet is not a pleasant harbor to make, and the Indian

River now has less water at that point than it had before. By letting in the salt water, they changed the character of the lovely St. Lucie River; for the brackish water killed all the vines that hung in garlands from the trees. It also changed the character of the fish to be found there. Mullet in great schools came into the river on the flood-tides, and were to be found ten miles up the North Branch, and tarpon followed the mullet in large numbers. I saw more tarpon that winter, and larger ones, than I have seen in the ten years since. It was that winter that I acquired the taste for river fishing.

The tarpon that come to the rivers, bayous, and inlets of our coast in April and May in great numbers leave in the autumn, supposedly for the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream; but some fish remain in the deep rivers of the east coast of Florida all winter. They do not show on cold days; but if the water is sixty-eight degrees, or warmer, you can see them,

ST. LUCIE RIVER, FLORIDA

CHANNEL BASS, 327 POUNDS

Indian River, Florida

and can fish for them with some hope of success.

It gives me more satisfaction to kill one tarpon in January than ten in the month of May, when they are plentiful. I troll from a rowboat with a live silver mullet hooked through the head. If the hook is properly placed and the mullet gently handled, it will live for hours. I have fished in this manner for several winters, killing a number of fish. The largest two were 187 pounds, caught on Jan. 26, and 165 pounds, on Feb. 23.

The moment the fish strikes and feels the hook, he jumps first to one side of the river and then to the other, for the rivers are not wide, and then comes straight toward your boat, fighting all the time. It is then that you generally lose him, for he will jump half out of the water beside the boat when your line is straight up and down. It must be a well-hooked fish that does not then shake the hook free.

One winter I sailed from Key West

for Cuban waters and cruised along the northern coast of Cuba, looking for tarpon. I found a lovely river, called the Zaramaraguanacan, a tiny river for such a long name, but full of tarpon of all sizes. In places it is very narrow, and its shores are thickly covered with mangroves. The water is deep, and the fish work up and down the river on the tide. While there I jumped fifty-two tarpon, and saved only nine. I was not sorry to lose any of the fish that I had played, for they are so game that it is always painful to gaff them. In this case it was most amusing to lose them, for the third jump would generally land them high up in the overhanging branches of the mangroves, through which they would crash into the deep waters below, leaving my tackle entangled in the bushes.

The result of river fishing does not mean a large bag. It is quick work, for you must not give the fish any slack, a difficult thing to avoid, as you have no tide in your favor, as in pass fishing, to keep your line taut.

THE "ZARA" RIVER, CUBA

Where the hooked tarpon jump into the trees

BARRACOUTA

HAMMERHEAD SHARK

Sixteen feet long

The gentle current of the Southern rivers is of little assistance, even if you are fortunate enough to jump your fish when trolling against it. The rivers are deep, and the waters are dyed by the cypress roots and fringed with white lilies. The banks are lined with cabbage-plams and deciduous trees, which in January are just budding, spring then beginning along these lovely rivers so little known to tourists in Florida.

I do most of my fishing with the assistance of a launch. With the advent of the automobile, a new way of seeing the world was discovered for the tourist, and years of keen pleasure offered to those who love travel. The coming of the motor-boat has done the same for fishing.

I remember being surprised some years ago at Captiva Pass by the complaints made about one fisherman, because, cruising about in a launch near where we were fishing, he frightened the fish with his propeller, and so drove them out to sea.

I did not believe it at the time, and I have since had many opportunities to prove that, on the contrary, the disturbance work up the fish and encourage them to take notice and strike. There is a pool in New River which motor-boats pass through a hundred times a day, and the tarpon remain there all the time if the water is not too sweet; in this case they go to sea, and return when the rain-water has run out. At Catalina, Cal., you almost always fish in launches. You can cover much more space, your bait trolls more steadily, and you have not the feeling that the man at the oars is rowing his heart out.

The best boat is a large rowboat with one and one-half horse-power gasolene-spark engine. The boat must be light, for your boatman must have his oars ready to assist you in playing your fish when it is hooked. You need but little power, for you should not travel faster than a man can row, and most one-cylinder engines do not slow down graciously.

JEWFISH, 450 POUNDS

Florida

MANGROVE SNAPPER

RAVALIO

I have fished in this manner for the last few years, believing the old way of trolling to be quite out of date. In a few seasons' fishing I have taken tuna, tarpon, hundreds of kingfish, grouper, barracouta, mutton-fish, cavalli, pompojacks, ladyfish, bonito, bluefish, and Spanish mackerel.

In tarpon-fishing I usually am towed in a rowboat, for the reason that my launch travels more slowly with the weight astern. The boatman casts off when I tell him to, and the launch goes on out of the way. I have done this with good success not only in rivers, but also in the open sea and along tide-rifts in the passes.

This method of fishing has, however, one great drawback: if you are trolling with a live mullet, it soon dies, and revolves like a pinwheel. Most cut baits will do the same, as spinners will also; and no number of swivels or "anti-kinkers" will prevent your line from being ruined in short order. This gave me much trouble for some time, but I heard of a new im-

proved fishing-gear, or "skittering device," patented by Albert W. Wilson of San Francisco, for striped-bass fishing, which is in general use on the Pacific coast for that purpose. This spoon I consider the most wonderful fishing invention of modern times. It "swims" erratically, swerves from side to side, and yet never revolves, so that your line does not kink in the least. In addition to this, it attracts all kinds of sea-fish. Tarpon, kingfish, grouper, and even sharks seem to take to it most kindly.

These spoons are made in different sizes and are very nicely balanced, as they must be, or they would trail along on the surface of the water. The steady movement of a motor-boat just suits them.

The curse of sea-fishing is the difficulty of getting fresh bait. I have been for days in Florida or off the Cuban coast with no bait to be had. But that time has gone by, thanks to the "Skittering Wilson," and motor-boat fishing has been made possible.

KINGFISH

NUEVA GERONA

Isle of Pines, Cuba

CUBAN BASS, 45 POUNDS

POMPOJACK, 50 POUNDS

TUNA FISHING

THERE has been so much written about tuna fishing at Catalina Island, Cal., that I do not purpose to describe again how it is done. Many of the accounts I have read are very picturesque, but for the most part so exaggerated that many people are frightened from trying to kill a tuna, and those who do try are so unnerved that they either fail or take hours instead of minutes to accomplish the task. A task it is, for the tuna is the strongest fish that one can fight with a rod.

My first visit to Catalina, some ten years since, was crowned with success, as the fish were very plentiful. My second visit was in 1910, and the fish were very scarce. I landed one fish, the only one taken during my ten days' visit. There were ten hooked fish reported, but they were lost, one of them after seventeen hours of struggle.

They tell me that there is a difference in tuna; that some are much stronger than others, which I do not doubt. My only experience has been with fourteen landed at Catalina and one lost at St. Ann's Bay, Cape Breton Island. The latter I lost after thirty minutes, and was greatly relieved; for he looked to be over eight hundred pounds in weight, and was too strong for me and my tackle. From my experience at Catalina, I believe that any tuna up to two hundred pounds in weight should be landed in thirty minutes; but the tackle must be strong and sound, so that it causes you no thought, and you must have "hands." The fascination of heavy fishing is the give and take between man and fish, the knowledge of what your tackle will stand, and the power that it gives you to convince the fish of the fact that you are his master. This is done by "hands," just as riding a horse properly depends upon "hands." No man can ride well who has not "hands," and so it is with strong fish-

TUNA TAKEN BEFORE BREAKFAST

St. Catalina Island, Cal.

ing. Brakes on reels do not help you, or they help you too much. They make you too strong, and your tackle suffers. Fish are no longer killed; they are murdered. It requires but little skill to fish with a reel brake, and it is the cause of the loss of most of the tuna hooked at Catalina.

My advice to a novice who wishes to land a tuna is: fish with a stiff rod and a sound line, keep your rod up, your left thumb on the reel, and do not let up on the fish. Do not use the brake when trolling. When the fish strikes, put all the strain on your tackle that it will stand, and stop your fish with thumb-pressure and the bend of the rod only. The farther the fish runs, the more quickly you will kill him, as it is very exhausting to a fish to travel fast under such a strain. If the drag is on, he will stop sooner; but being still fresh, he will try other methods which are more exhausting to you than to him. At the end of his first run is the moment to fight him to a finish. If he gets his second wind,

he will be stronger than you. In this manner I killed a tuna on my last trip weighing 156½ pounds in twelve minutes.

It is not easy to compare the two kinds of fishing, or to say which fish is more game, the tarpon or the tuna, for they act very differently. It is safe to say that they are imbued with quiet different ideas when first hooked. The tarpon has no fear of boat or fisherman; his only idea is to shake the hook loose, and to do this he jumps out of the water, and will do so several times if you fight him hard. The harder you fight him, the more he jumps and the quicker he comes to gaff. I have never had a tarpon take more than 250 feet of line, and that in a tideway. I have heard of fish that have taken more, but am only telling of my own experience. The tuna, on the contrary, is off in a wild rush the moment he feels the hook, and I have had 650 feet of line taken from me before I could stop my fish. He then dwells, perhaps sounds, then runs again,

TUNA, 156½ POUNDS
Time, 12 minutes

BLACK SEA BASS, 238 POUNDS

Time, 10 minutes. St. Catalina, Cal.

perhaps twice, then sounds as a rule. From that time on it is a question of "pumping" your fish up to the boat, if you wish to kill the fish and not to allow him to commit suicide by towing you about. With proper tackle, either fish should be killed and gaffed within thirty minutes, barring accidents. If you are fortunate enough to hook your tuna in the upper jaw and hold him hard during his first run, he comes to the surface virtually drowned, and if you are quick, it takes only a few minutes to bring him to gaff.

The method of fishing for tuna is to troll from a power-launch or from a rowboat astern of such a launch, with a flying-fish for bait. The tuna follows the bait, strikes at the head, and turns as he strikes, so that he is generally hooked in the corner of the mouth, and makes his run with his mouth closed. To kill him in such cases you must tire him out. The water is very deep off Catalina — hundreds of feet deep. When your fish sounds, if you wait a few

moments, he will discover that the pressure of the water is more comfortable nearer the surface. The great depth of water is an advantage as well as a discomfort to the fish.

I proved to my own satisfaction years since that every tarpon should be brought to gaff within thirty minutes, and went to Catalina Island to see if the same could be done with the tuna, with the following result:

June 5: tuna, 150 pounds, 2 hours, 20 minutes.
June 6: tuna, 130 pounds, 1 hour, 17 minutes.
June 8: tuna, 102 pounds, 19 minutes.
June 9: tuna, 123 pounds, 19 minutes; tuna, 104 pounds, 45 minutes.
June 10: tuna, 118 pounds, 27 minutes; tuna, 88 pounds, 20 minutes; tuna, 100 pounds, 17 minutes.
June 11: tuna, 99 pounds, 15 minutes; tuna, 103 pounds, 14 minutes; tuna, 62 pounds, 8 minutes; tuna, 109 pounds, 9 minutes; tuna, 118 pounds, 20 minutes.
Total: thirteen fish, 1411 pounds.

I fought my first fish with a rod that had a flaw in it, and the reel was spread by the second fish, yet I averaged about thirty

SIX HOURS FISHING WITH A PLAIN REEL, NO BRAKES

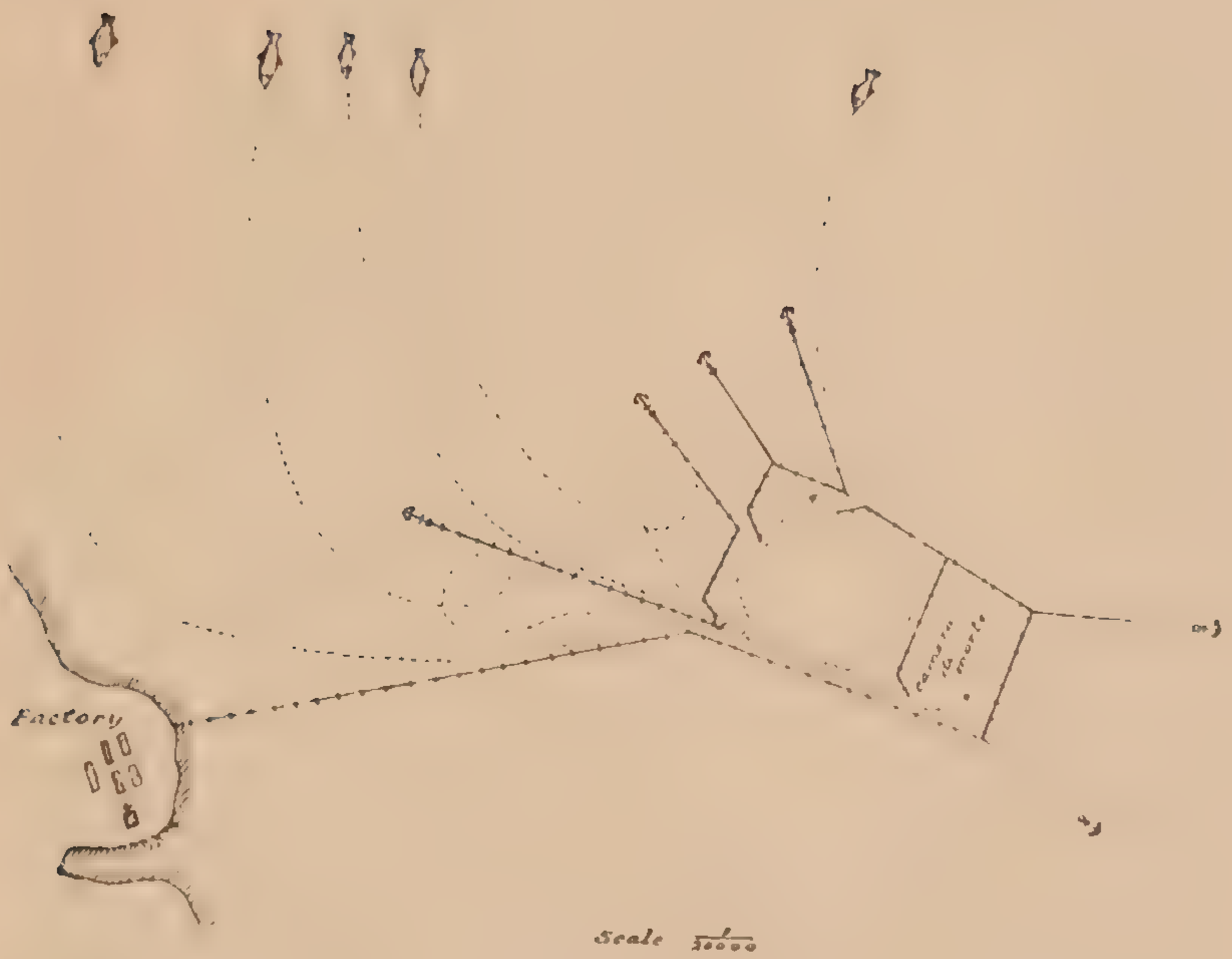
minutes on the thirteen, and five of them I killed in one day in six hours' fishing. I used a stout rod, a Vom Hofe Star reel, holding eight hundred feet of No. 22 Hall line, and Van Vleck tarpon trolling-hook with swivel and piano-wire snood.

The leaping tuna do not jump after being hooked, but do when chasing schools of flying-fish, hence the epithet.

Now, to answer the question, Which is the more game, the fish that stands and fights, the tarpon; or the tuna, the fish that runs away, then holds on and fights to the last moment? I say the tarpon. Yet there is no sea-fishing sensation equal to the first grand run of a hooked tuna, and he is a harder fish to kill than the tarpon.

I took my fishing-tackle with me to Sicily one April, looking for sport with tuna (the famous tunny-fish of the ancients), but found I was too early, as the fish do not appear in those waters until the early summer.

Permanent tuna fisheries and fish factories exist at Syracuse and Palermo and at other places along the coast. In setting the nets, advantage is taken of a strange fact. The fish are known to travel in certain directions along the coast, and when they meet with an obstruction, they always turn to the left. I was told that the fishermen in Italy, therefore, believe that the fish see only out of the right eye. A strong, deep net is anchored offshore and secured to kedges. It is a trap-net, open toward the sea, and the inner chamber has a strong floor. At Palermo there is a stone tower on shore from which a watchman watches the nets and announces with a bell the arrival of a school of tuna. When the fish are intercepted by the nets, they keep turning to the left, until they arrive in the *camera di morte*, or death-chamber. The watchman having announced the arrival of the fish, and the fishermen, armed with strong gaffs, having appeared in boats, the inner gate is closed. After



A TUNA NET, SICILY

TUNA NETS, SICILY

hauling in the slack of the stout net, the slaughter begins. I was told the fishing at Palermo some years would net $10,000, notwithstanding that the installation of the nets cost a like amount, and the yearly rental of twenty miles of shore water was $4000. The fish run up to 500 pounds in weight, but the majority are much smaller. It is said that a 100-pound tuna is worth 100 francs ($20) at the factory, which seems excessive, though every part of the fish has a commercial value. The meat is salted and canned, and is a staple article of food. The trade is protected, no tunny products being allowed to pass the customs into Italy.

Along the southern and western coasts of Spain and the western coast of France the tuna are caught by fleets of small sea-worthy vessels with strong lines rigged on outrigger poles. Bait is used, with large, strong hooks.

It is a strange fact that although these fish are found in great numbers in the warm

waters of the Mediterranean, they are seldom seen along our Atlantic coast south of Cape Cod. They have been reported off the coast of New Jersey and in the waters between Block Island and Montauk Point, but the only photographs of these fish which I have seen are not of the true blue tuna, but of the long-finned tuna, or albacore, which does not exceed eighty pounds in weight, and is another member of the same family. The horse-mackerel is still found between Cape Cod and Labrador, and at one time is said to have been often met with. The schools of herring, mackerel, and menhaden have either disappeared, or remain farther offshore than in former years, and the horse-mackerel, being a good feeder, must follow the smaller fish.

I had read that the tuna were very plentiful along the western coast of Newfoundland. I cruised from Port-aux-Basques to the beautiful Humber Sound, Bay of Islands, and back, in the summer of

HAULING THE NETS, SICILY

GAFFING THE FISH, SICILY

Camera di morte

1911, without seeing a single fish, nor could I obtain any information concerning them. I have found the tuna on two visits to St. Ann's Bay, Cape Breton Island, but found it very difficult to get to them; for they seem to come into the bay on the tide, turn, and go out to sea again, and rarely dwell. St. Ann's Bay is open to the northeast, and it is seldom that the sea is in such condition that it is safe to fish. Then, again, it is almost impossible to obtain bait. The waters seem bare of fish of any kind, which must account for the short visits of the tuna, for they will not remain where there is no food.

Mr. J. K. L. Ross, who passes his summers at St. Ann's Bay, is the pioneer of the tuna fishing there. He has had great sport during the last four seasons, having been fast to more than fifty of these giant fish during that time. He was unsuccessful until recently, when, on the twenty-eighth of August, 1911, he succeeded in landing, after a fight lasting four hours

and forty-five minutes, a fish eight feet ten inches long, with a girth of six feet three inches, and weighing 680 pounds on the scales at Sydney twenty-four hours later. It was a wonderful and well-deserved victory after all his trouble and his never-ending hospitality and kindness to visiting fishermen.

The fish in those waters are of great size. I saw one near at hand which, I think, must have weighed at least 1500 pounds.

WORLD'S RECORD TUNA, 680 POUNDS

Captured with rod and line by J. K. L. Ross
at St. Ann's Bay, N. S.

METHOD OF CARRYING A LARGE TUNA, SICILY

TUNA FISHING OFF THE BRITTANY COAST

SALMON FISHING AT CAMPBELL RIVER

THE Campbell River rises among the snow-capped mountains in the interior of Vancouver Island, B. C., about 270 miles north of Victoria, and flows southeast into Discovery Strait. About four miles from its mouth it tumbles over high falls into a canon, and this is where the great "tyee" (chief) salmon go to spawn. Not only the tyee use these spawning-beds, but the humpback and the beautiful "cohoe" salmon are also there in great numbers.

I journeyed six days to see if the reports of the wonderful fishing at the mouth of the Campbell River were true, and found the sport far better than I had hoped. One reason for the extraordinary fishing this season was the fact that the Government, by heavy fines, had succeeded in driving away the Japanese poachers, who

for several years openly defied the law, and poached the salmon with every known device from dynamite to illegal meshed nets.

Discovery Strait is a stretch of salt water, an arm of the Pacific ocean, which separates Vancouver and Valdez Islands, and is about two and one-half miles wide. If it were not for the great current and strong tides that flow through the straits it would remind one of a Swiss lake, for one is surrounded by hills beautifully wooded with splendid fir-trees, and snow mountains show plainly in the distance.

The best fishing is along the shore of Vancouver Island, a stretch of water one mile below and half a mile above the sand-bar at the mouth of the river. The current is so swift that it is almost impossible to fish except at the change of the tide or at half-tide. As the mode of fishing is trolling with a spoon, it is impossible to make enough headway when the tide is running strong, especially about the time of the full moon. The natives fish with

SALMON, 52½ AND 50 POUNDS

AN EARLY MORNING'S CATCH OF SALMON

hand-lines, with heavy lead and small silver or copper spoons, the lead being about twenty feet away from the spoon. It is most interesting to watch the Indians standing in dugout canoes handling the fish, gently playing it, and finally clubbing it on the head, when the fish, having fought its battle, has succumbed. It is said that these fish return to the river to spawn after having left it four years before, and that, after spawning, they all perish. This seems hard to believe — hard to believe that a fish can grow to the size and acquire the strength that these fish do in so short a time; for I saw one giant, taken on a hand-line, that weighed 72 pounds at the cannery some hours after he was taken, and I killed a fish myself that weighed 60 pounds.

These fish came from the north, and are found off Kitmat, some four hundred miles north of Campbell River early in May, but do not appear at the latter place before August 1.

Most of the amateur fishermen who were

enjoying the sport when I was there were sportsmen from England, on their way to Cassiar after big game, who had stopped en route in the hope of taking a fifty-pound salmon. They had every possible kind of rod and tackle, most of it better adapted to fly-fishing than to sea-fishing, for this is sea-fishing pure and simple. I fished with a light striped-bass rod, a Cuttyhunk line, and with three ounces of lead, seven feet from the spoon. The lead is necessary, owing to the strong current, and does not seem to bother the fish, for they are very quick and have great strength. If you give them the butt after their first grand rush, they will generally jump three feet into the air. If you fish with a fly-rod, they never show, and are apt to take all your line before you can stop them. The light-tackle fishermen spend most of their time repairing outfits and buying new lines and spoons.

The fish feed on small bright herring, which abound, and any bright spoon seems

SALMON, TOTAL WEIGHT, 212 POUNDS

TYEE SALMON, 60 POUNDS

Length 47 inches, girth 32 inches

$$\frac{Girth^2 \times length}{800} = weight$$

to attract them when feeding. The cohoe salmon, which run from five to ten pounds in weight, are at times very plentiful. The professional fishermen take as many as seventy in a day's fishing, and the cannery on Valdez Island pays ten cents apiece for the fish. For the tyee salmon they allow one cent a pound. I saw two cohoe salmon taken with a fly in the open sea, fish of about eight pounds in weight; but as the fish are moving you might cast all day without rising one.

I took the following fish in fifteen days:

August 1: 60 pounds, 48 pounds, 46 pounds.

August 2: 49½ pounds, 52½ pounds, 15 pounds, 50 pounds, 46 pounds.

August 3: 40 pounds.

August 4: 45 pounds, 45 pounds, 42 pounds, 42 pounds, 40 pounds, 46 pounds, 47 pounds, 12 pounds.

August 5: 45 pounds, 35 pounds, 30 pounds, 42 pounds.

August 6: 42 pounds, 44 pounds, 35 pounds, 21 pounds.

August 7: 46 pounds, 40½ pounds, 41 pounds, 17 pounds.

August 8: 20 pounds, 44 pounds.
August 9: 43 pounds, 38 pounds.
August 11: 32 pounds, 46 pounds, 47 pounds, 48 pounds.
August 10: 29 pounds, 32 pounds, 35 pounds.
August 12: 53 pounds, 41 pounds, 41 pounds, 44½ pounds, 33 pounds.
August 13: 53 pounds. (High wind and rough water.)
August 14: ———
August 15: 51½ pounds, 40 pounds, 40 pounds, 37 pounds, 36 pounds, 35 pounds, 34 pounds.

Forty-seven tyee, average, 43 pounds; 5 spring fish, about 20 pounds each; 45 cohoe salmon. Total weight, 2179 pounds.

IV

THE INTERNATIONAL POLO CUP

THE INTERNATIONAL POLO CUP

IT was in the spring of 1876 that polo was introduced into America by that good patron of all sports, Mr. James Gordon Bennett. We played our first game at Dickel's Riding Academy, then on the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-Ninth Street, and afterwards practised at Jerome Park. Mr. Bennett was a most generous enthusiast, for he not only built a clubhouse and had a polo-ground laid out in Westchester County, but also had a ground prepared at Newport, R. I.

Harry Blasson was sent to Texas to buy ponies and, being a good judge, brought back some wonderful little horses, which cost us only seventy-five dollars each. In those days of large cattle ranches, the poor cayuse had not been bred to Percherons and the like, in order to increase the

size of the stock, and there were many small "thoroughbred" horses on the Western plains. Of our lot, I remember two especially that filled the eye. One was a small pony belonging to Mr. Bennett, named Pet, and a wonderful pony called Tommy, which Mr. Bennett kindly presented to me. They were the perfect type of the well-bred hunter on a small scale, and were fast and handy to play.

The original Indian ponies were direct descendants of the English mares that had been stampeded from the immigrant trains, crossed with the barb horses that had escaped from the Spanish invaders. In this way their breeding was similar to that of the original thoroughbred horse. They had gradually become reduced in size not only because for generations they had had to hustle for food, but also because the mares, while carrying their foals, would still be suckling those of the previous season. When the cattle ranches began to disappear and the demand for "rail-

INTERNATIONAL POLO CUP

Offered by the playing members of the Westchester Polo Club, 1886

roaders" was great, the ranchmen and horse-breeders of the West attempted to increase the size of the range horses by crossing the mares with cold-blooded stock. The result was disastrous. What a wonderful strain of polo-ponies we would now have if they had used thoroughbred stallions instead!

The polo rules we adopted were those of the Hurlingham Club, namely: a game was two goals out of three, or three out of five, with no time limit. As the ball was placed in the center of the field and charged for, not only at the beginning of the game, but also after each goal, the game was very severe for the ponies. I well remember playing in a match at Buffalo when it took sixty minutes' play to decide the first goal. Most of us had only two ponies each, and at "knockouts" had our only chance to make a hurried change of mounts.

It was not long before we changed the rules of the game we played. We did away with the "offside" rule, with the

hooking of mallets, and gave up back-handed strokes. The game, as it developed from that time, was a pretty game to look at and a pleasant one for the individual player; for, once in control of the ball, he could "keep behind" it with little trouble. It was, however, a poor team-game, and was the cause of the loss of the first international match; for John Watson showed us plainly that team-play would invariably win against individual play, no matter how brilliant that might be.

After the first international match, the American polo-players adopted the back-hand stroke and the consequent team-play, as they readily saw that this method of playing had enabled the English team to win. They did not adopt the "offside" rule, however.

After the Meadowbrooks had won the cup back at Hurlingham in 1909, under the home-club rules, the English also renounced the "offside" rule, for in order to attempt to regain the trophy they had to

THE AMERICAN TEAM IN 1909, 1911 AND 1913

(*Left to right*)

Mr. D. Milburn (on Tenby) — Mr. H. P. Whitney (on Balada) — Mr. J. M. Waterbury (on Acushla) — Mr. L. Waterbury (on Cinderella)

practise the American game, as the cup had to be played for according to the rules of the defending club. They then discovered, what the Americans already knew, that without the "offside" rule polo was a quicker and pleasanter game to play.

It was in the following manner that the first international polo match came about.

In the spring of 1886, Mr. Griswold Lorillard, being in England, chanced to dine one evening at Hurlingham after a polo match had been played. He told the players who were present that polo was played in America, which seemed to cause much interest and surprise. He then made the proposition that Hurlingham should send a team to Newport to play a series of matches with the Westchester Polo Club, to which the players agreed, if it could be made possible for them to afford to go. The following day Mr. Lorillard cabled me that Hurlingham would send a team to America if we would offer a cup and pay the traveling expenses

of the team and the ponies for the round trip. These terms were promptly agreed to, and the matter was placed in my hands as the secretary of the Westchester Polo Club. I collected enough money from the playing members to pay for the cup, and with some difficulty had the cup designed and made. I say with some difficulty, for I wished the prize to be emblematic of the sport, and the designer had never seen a game of polo, nor was there any opportunity for him to do so.

After the cup was won by Hurlingham in 1886, it remained in England until 1909, when the Meadow Brook team, playing under English rules, succeeded in regaining possession of it. Since that time they have again defeated a team from Hurlingham, at Meadow Brook both in 1911, and in 1913.

The Americans won the last two international matches not because they were superior horsemen, or because they were better mounted, but because they are

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THE AMERICAN POLO TEAM, 1909, 1911 AND 1913

(Left to right)

Mr. D. Milburn Mr. H. P. Whitney Mr. L. Waterbury Mr. J. M. Waterbury

From the Sculpture by Herbert Hazeltine

experts at racquets and at court and lawn tennis. These games have taught them to think quickly, and have trained eye and wrist in a manner that has given them a skill with the polo-mallet, which otherwise they would not have — a skill which it is impossible to acquire from the game of polo alone.

The cup, having become the great International Polo Trophy, has well served the purpose for which it was intended, and has been the cause of much rivalry and keen sport.

RECORD OF POLO MATCHES FOR THE AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP

1886–1913

The England *v.* America matches were inaugurated in 1886 for an American International Challenge Cup, presented by the Westchester Polo Club of Newport, U. S. A.

At Newport, Rhode Island, U. S. A., in 1886:

England	*America*
Capt. T. Hone	Mr. W. Thorn
Hon. R. T. Lawley	Mr. R. Belmont
Capt. M. Little	Mr. Foxhall Keene
Mr. John Watson (back)	Mr. T. Hitchcock

England won the two matches played

At Hurlingham, in 1900:

England	*America*
Capt. Hon. J. G. Beresford	Mr. W. McCreery
Mr. F. M. Freake	Mr. F. J. Mackey
Mr. W. S. Buckmaster	Mr. Foxhall Keene
Mr. John Watson (back)	Mr. L. McCreery

England won the one match played by eight goals to two

In 1902 England won two out of the three matches played at Hurlingham

First match, May 31:

America	*England*
Mr. R. L. Agassiz	Mr. C. P. Nickalls
Mr. J. E. Cowdin	Mr. P. W. Nickalls
Mr. Foxhall Keene	Mr. W. S. Buckmaster
Mr. L. Waterbury (back)	Mr. C. D. Miller (back)

America won by two goals to one

Second match, June 9:

England	*America*
Mr. C. P. Nickalls	Mr. R. L. Agassiz
Mr. F. M. Freake	Mr. J. E. Cowdin
Mr. G. A. Miller	Mr. Foxhall Keene
Mr. W. S. Buckmaster (back)	Mr. L. Waterbury (back)

England won by six goals to one

Third match, June 21:

England	*America*
Mr. C. P. Nickalls	Mr. M. Waterbury
Mr. G. A. Miller	Mr. L. Waterbury
Mr. P. W. Nickalls	Mr. Foxhall Keene
Mr. W. S. Buckmaster(back)	Mr. R. L. Agassiz (back)

England won by seven goals to one.

In 1909 America won the two matches played at Hurlingham

First match, June 23:

America	*England*
Mr. L. Waterbury	Capt. Herbert Wilson
Mr. M. Waterbury	Mr. F. M. Freake
Mr. H. P. Whitney	Mr. P. W. Nickalls
Mr. D. Milburn (back)	Lord Wodehouse (back)

America won by nine goals to five

Second match, July 5:

America	*England*
Mr. L. Waterbury	Mr. Harry Rich
Mr. M. Waterbury	Mr. F. M. Freake
Mr. H. P. Whitney	Mr. P. W. Nickalls
Mr. D. Milburn (back)	Capt. Hardress Lloyd (back)

America won by eight goals to two.

In 1911 America won the two matches played at Meadow Brook, U. S. A.

First match, June 1:

America	*England*
Mr. L. Waterbury	Capt. St. C. Cheape
Mr. M. Waterbury	Mr. A. Noel Edwards
Mr. H. P. Whitney	Capt. Hardress Lloyd
Mr. D. Milburn (back)	Capt. Herbert Wilson (back)

America won by $4\frac{1}{2}$ goals to 3 goals

Second match, June 9:

Same teams as in match on June 1

America won by $4\frac{1}{2}$ goals to $3\frac{1}{2}$ goals

In 1913 America won the two matches played at Meadow Brook, U. S. A.

First match, June 10:

America	*England*
Mr. L. Waterbury	Capt. Cheape
Mr. M. Waterbury Mr. L. E. Stoddard	Capt. Edwards
Mr. H. P. Whitney	Capt. Ritson
Mr. D. Milburn	Capt. Lockett

America won by $5\frac{1}{2}$ goals to 3 goals

Second match, June 14:

America	*England*
Mr. Louis E. Stoddard	Capt. Cheape
Mr. L. Waterbury	Mr. F M. Freake
Mr. H. P Whitney	Capt. Ritson
Mr. D. Milburn	Capt Lockett

America won by $4\frac{1}{2}$ goals to $4\frac{1}{4}$ gals

V

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISH FOXHOUND

A SOUTHERN HOUND
By Edmund Wallis

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISH FOXHOUND

IT has taken less than a hundred years to bring the English foxhound to perfection, for not until the end of the eighteenth century were packs of hounds kept in England for hunting the fox. Fox-hunting grew out of the decay of wild stag-hunting, for, owing to the increase of enclosures, it was considered advisable to confine the deer to the parks, and foxes became the beasts of chase.

"Country Contentments," by Gervaise Markham (1611), contains much that is interesting concerning the early days of stag-hunting. His advice concerning the music of the pack is:

> If you would have your kennel for sweetness of cry, then you must compound it of some large dogs and that have deep, solemn mouths and are swift in spending [giving tongue], which must be as it

were the base of the concert; then a double number of roaring and loud-ringing mouths, which must bear the counter tenor; then some hollow, plain, sweet mouths, which must bear the mean or middle part; and so with these three parts of music you shall ever make your cry perfect.

And yet there are many who believe that the taste for music has advanced!

Of all the forms of hunting in the olden time, the so-called "ladies' days" must have been attended with the most peril.[1] "Lodges," or stands, were erected, covered with boughs. The game was surrounded, and only warrantable stags were driven past the lodges, and were shot at with bows or crossbows. In 1613, when James I and his queen, Anne of Denmark, were hunting in this manner at Theobalds Park, north of London, the queen fired at a deer, but missed, and killed the king's "most principal and special hound," Jewel by name. The king "stormed exceedingly a while; but after he knew who did it, he

[1] "Hounds in Old Days," Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart.

ENGLISH FOXHOUND, EARLY XIX CENTURY

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ENGLISH FOXHOUND, EARLY XIX CENTURY

ENGLISH FOXHOUND, EARLY XIX CENTURY

was pacified, and with much kindness wished her not to trouble with it, for he would love her none the worse." The next day he sent Anne a diamond worth £2000, "a legacee from his dead dogge," in token of forgiveness. Ladies who jump on hounds in these days are rewarded more often with words of silver than with golden silence.

In olden days the fox was hunted in the same manner that it is hunted in America at the present time. The sportsmen would meet early in the morning, draw a woodland, and hunt the cold scent of the morning drag, following the fox up to his retreat. If the fox was found, he would not be in a condition to run very fast, for he had not had time to digest his nocturnal meal or to sleep off the fatigue of procuring it. In process of time the country was cleared of forest, and, more speed being required, a faster hound was sought for.

In the beginning nose and tongue were

all that was needed, for the fox could not go the pace that he now must at twelve o'clock in the day from a gorse cover in a well-stopped country. It is not known by what crosses the increase in speed was obtained. The old Southern hound, or Talbot, was at first used for hunting, and he was probably crossed with the Scotch deerhound and with the greyhound. It is probable also that the Southern hound was crossed with hounds from France, for the French *vénerie* was celebrated. The Northern hound was a decided cross of the Southern hound with the deerhound. He had a pointed nose and was quick and active.

The original hounds were wiry and rough in their coats and inclined to be throaty, and the prevailing color was badger or hare-pie.

In the days of Louis XIII and Louis XIV a large hound called the white hound was kept in the royal kennels for hunting the stag. It was known as the white hound,

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS, XIX CENTURY

Showing Scotch Deerhound cross

ENGLISH FOXHOUND, XIX CENTURY

Showing Greyhound cross

ENGLISH FOXHOUND, XIX CENTURY

yet seems to have been of various colors, and it has been stated that this hound would run down a stag in thirty minutes; but he seems to have coursed rather than hunted, and ran by sight rather than by nose. They were large, strong hounds, and are said to have been very fierce when not hunting. In all probability some of these hounds found their way into the royal kennels of England, for the royalties of those days were in the habit of making one another presents of the good things of the chase.

The royal pack of white hounds continued to show sport in France until Louis XIV [1] grew old and had to follow the hunt on wheels. The white hounds were then too fast, and it is said that by the king's desire the hounds were crossed by the Normandy hound. The Normandy hound appears to have been somewhat of a potterer, for when the young and active Louis XV came to the throne, he found the royal

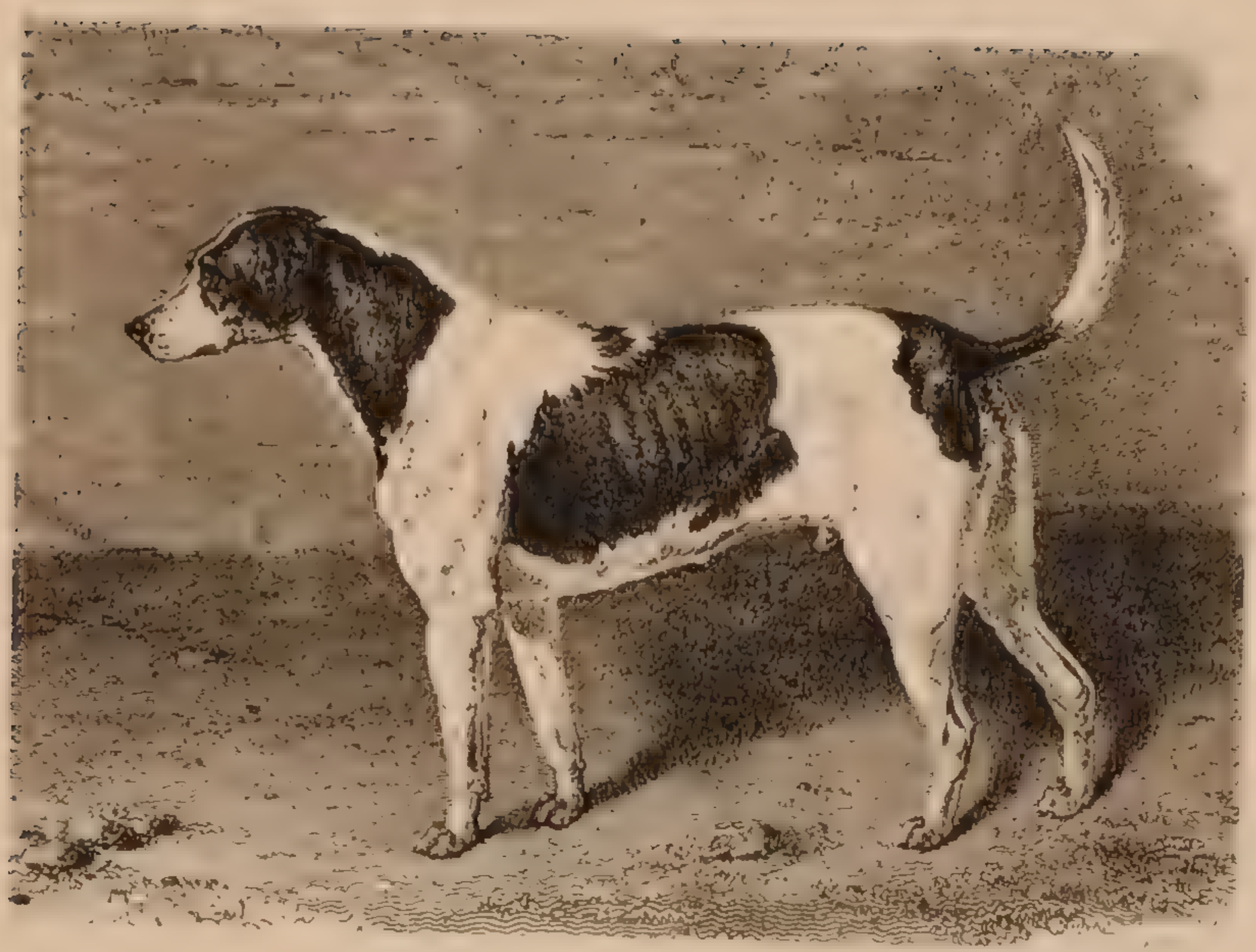
[1] "Histoire de la Chasse en France," Baron de Noirmont.

pack too slow, and imported hounds from England with which to improve their speed. What these latter were does not seem to be known, but probably they were a cross of the white hound and the English royal staghound, for they had retained the speed which was wanting in the French hound.

In the intermediate stage the foxhound lacked the perfect shape and quality of our time, but, through inbreeding, the packs were gradually bred finer and faster.

Some kennels in England possess stud-books going back a century and a half, while the pedigrees of greyhounds do not go back, I believe, for more than seventy-five years.

There was a time when breeders were satisfied if the result of their crossings possessed good noses and plenty of bone, which was then the standard of beauty in a hound; but later the time came when pace had to be added to the virtues of the foxhound, owing to larger fields and better-bred horses. The breeder then found it



ENGLISH FOXHOUND, XIX CENTURY
Later period

ENGLISH FOXHOUND, XIX CENTURY
Later period

difficult to develop pace and beauty without sacrificing nose, and I fancy that many present-day complaints of bad scent can be accounted for by lack of nose on the part of the modern English foxhound.

The "great Meynell's" idea of perfection of shape was "open bosoms, straight legs, and compact feet." Today a hound's head may vary according to type, but should be "light and sensible"; the neck should be long and clean, fine at the head and deeper toward the shoulder, for a hound with a short neck loses pace when stooping to the scent. He should be deep in the chest, have sloping, flat shoulders, wide, straight back, and round ribs. The fore legs should be straight. He may turn his toes in, but never out. Feet must be round and catlike, hind quarters wide and deep, hocks strong and straight and close to the ground; stern carried high and slightly feathered; point straight. The usual standard of size for the dog pack is twenty-four inches, twenty-two and a half

for the bitch pack, and twenty-three for the mixed pack.

The English foxhounds of the present day are beautiful animals to look at, are under perfect control, and succeed in killing a sufficient number of foxes during the season to afford sport. If they had, in addition to their present qualities, the nose that is demanded in the American foxhound, England would soon be short of foxes, and fox-hunting would cease to be the popular sport it now is.

Well-bred foxhounds have always brought high prices in England. One of the most remarkable sales took place at Hyde Park Corner in 1842, when Mr. Osbaldeston's pack was sold at auction. One hundred and twenty-seven hounds were sold for 6511 guineas, or upward of £100 a couple.

ENGLISH FOXHOUND, EARLY XX CENTURY

ENGLISH FOXHOUND, EARLY XX CENTURY

MEYNELL WAVERLY
By Belvoir Warlock — Promise
Champion hound of England (Peterborough) 1912

THE KERRY BEAGLES

IN the "Sportsman's Dictionary" (1778) the definition of the word beagle is:

Hunting-dogs, of which there are several sorts, viz: The southern beagle, which is something less than the deep-mouthed hound, and something thicker and shorter.

The fleet northern or cat beagle, which is smaller, and of a finer shape than the southern beagle and is a hard runner.

These two beagles by crossing the strains breed an excellent sort, which are great killers.

There is also a very small sort of beagle not bigger than a lady's lapdog, which make pretty diversion in hunting the coney [rabbit] and also small hare, if the weather be dry; but by reason of their smallness this sort is not serviceable.

A beagle was not necessarily a small hound in the early days, yet they had small beagles, for Queen Elizabeth is said to have had beagles that could be put into a lady's glove, or gauntlet, and the

pack was carried to the rendezvous in panniers on a horse's back.

There is no doubt that the finely bred black-and-tan and all-tan hounds one sees in Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee are hounds of a special breed, and in my opinion they are the direct descendants of the so-called Kerry beagle, long known in the south of Ireland. In the first half of the nineteenth century there were several packs of black-and-tan hounds kept in Ireland not far from Cork, but they were given up at the time of the great famine which impoverished the country. The hounds were scattered, and it is difficult to find any of pure breed at the present day. Three packs do exist, the most important being the Four Burrow foxhounds in Cornwall, England, and the others the Enfield Chase and the hounds hunted by Mr. John Ryan of Scarteen, both of the latter packs hunting the carted stag. The Ryans are said to have kept black-and-tan hounds from father to son since 1735.

It is more than likely that some of this breed were brought to America before the Revolution by the gallant Irish officers in the English army, and that our black-and-tan hounds are their direct descendants, but have gradually decreased in size and bone through inbreeding and poor food. In conformation the Irish hound has peculiarities that the American hound also has; for both are slack in the hind quarters, and the bitches, as a rule, are decidedly smaller than the dog hounds.

The owner of the Four Burrow foxhounds writes of his Kerry Beagles in the *London Field* of April 19, 1913:

In 1910 I took over the mastership of the Four Burrow country. I only had some fifteen couples of suitable working black-and-tan hounds to start with, and, knowing the utter impossibility of obtaining any others, I purchased a considerable number of foxhound bitches. Meanwhile, I placed an order in Ireland with a thoroughly honest and reliable man, asking him to endeavour to find me some good black-and-tan hounds amongst the various trencher-fed packs in the wilds of Kerry.

From time to time I have received various hounds from this source, but they are most unreliable, because they vary so greatly in size and shape, the result being that I can count on one out of every five being of any use or up to my standard in make and shape. At the present moment I have twenty-two couples in kennel, and of these twenty-one couples are black-and-tan, while one couple, Mystery and Farmer, are tricolored. It must be borne in mind that the Kerry beagle is not necessarily always black-and-tan in colour. Personally, I have endeavoured to keep to the black-and-tan colour as much as possible, but 'no good hound is ever a bad color.' The great discrepancy in the size of the dogs and the bitches is a decided disadvantage. My great aim has been to improve the size of the bitches; in this I have been fairly successful, as I have a few really big ladies that I run with the big pack. While in Cornwall I have been running two packs, the big pack, consisting for the most part of black-and-tan dog hounds, with some six to seven couples of the largest foxhound bitches I have been able to procure. The small pack has been made up of black-and-tan bitches, two or three couples of small black-and-tan dogs and six or seven couples of ordinary-sized foxhound bitches. Experience has shown that the black-and-tans invariably lead; they are decidedly faster than any foxhounds I have had, and they are very much faster over the banks than the foxhound, as they

take the banks like a horse does, while the foxhound stops to climb up the bank and does not jump off clearly and freely into the next field like a Kerry beagle.

Whether this is owing to the conformation of the Kerry is a matter I leave to others to decide, but my personal opinion is that, owing to his shape and make, the Kerry is a much more nimble and active animal than the modern foxhound. As regards feet troubles, they are unknown amongst the Kerry beagles. When we come to the question of nose, drive, and voice, my experience is that they are superior to the foxhound. Of course, it will be argued that I have used nothing but draft foxhounds. This is quite true as regards my first season, but, having got the black-and-tans steady and properly entered to fox, I have only purchased young unentered foxhounds latterly, so as to be able to form a true opinion of their relative merits. As I have had only a comparatively small number of foxhounds, my opinion is probably of little value, but I give it for what it is worth. At first I had considerable difficulty in getting the black-and-tans to eat their fox, but now our difficulty is to take the fox away. I take it, the question of whether a pack breaks up their fox satisfactorily chiefly depends on the man who hunts them and what he teaches his hounds to do.

I have most carefully followed the various letters and articles that have appeared in the news-

papers and the *Foxhound* with regard to the American hound, and I have come to the firm opinion that the American foxhound is now and originally nothing more or less than a pure Kerry beagle. A little while ago some pictures were published of Mr. Harry Worcester Smith's pack which he has been hunting in West Meath. The photographs that accompany these notes were taken on January 25 before I had seen the publication above referred to. As I write I have not yet seen the photographs of my hounds, but I had one taken of Farmer, and if it in any way resembles him it will be at once evident that I might have obtained Farmer from America. My own stallion hound, Foreman, stands twenty-six inches, but he is a direct descendant of the old Chute Hall pack, and it is a wonderful thing to note that his progeny are developing size equal to his own, with superior bone, while out of some thirty whelps during the present season I have only had two that have shown any white.

Mr. Aubrey Wallis has resigned the mastership of the Four Burrow Hounds, and takes his Kerry Beagles to the Woodland Pytchley country next season, and they will therefore become better known.

GAMESTER

Kerry Beagle Stallion Hound

FARMER

Kerry Beagle

THE AMERICAN FOXHOUND

FOXHUNTING was introduced into America and foxhounds were imported from Europe before the Revolution, and in all probability these hounds were of the original Southern hound breed already mentioned.

There were few, if any, established packs in the early days, and trencher-fed hounds were employed for hunting. Under such conditions probably the bitches were usually bred by natural selection, or, at the best, Colonel Skinner's bitch Madge, being a good trailer, was bred to Uncle Joe's dog Nick because he had a fine tongue. This was carried on for generations without any attempt to eradicate faults of conformation or, by selection, to improve the beauty of the American foxhound; nor were the hounds crossed, except by accident, with the greyhound or the Scotch deerhound, to improve their pace as in England.

In the few cases where they were bred to a type, they became so inbred that they were greatly reduced in bone and size. Their chief merits were that they could hunt a cold trail and give tongue. The latter most of them did at all times, and, when hunting, it was necessary to be well acquainted with the voices of the reliable individual hounds in order to know when a fox was on foot. They were, and for the most part still are, very timid, afraid of the whip, and under poor control.

It is a wonder that the American foxhounds are so keen, for I have seldom seen them break up a fox, generations of floggings on the part of pelt-hunters having broken them of this trait.

Of late years more pains have been taken with the breeding of foxhounds in America, and many packs have been established where hounds are being bred to a type as well as to their capabilities; and I see a great future for the breed, for the hounds in this country have not lost the round

forehead which is necessary for nose, for, as Cuvier (1769–1832) wrote:

> The flatness of the forehead is produced by the obliteration of the frontal sinuses from those cavities which are formed at the base of the nose, which, being immediately connected with the nasal cavities and covered with the same membranes as they are, increase the sense of smelling.

It is not for me, or, in fact, for any one, to discuss the merits of the English versus the American foxhound, their purpose and the conditions under which they hunt and are hunted being so different that it is not worth while to compare the two animals. It is, however, interesting to know that the same controversy went on in Ireland years ago as to the merits of the Irish and the English foxhound. In a *New Sporting Magazine* of 1837 an old Irish earth-stopper's opinion is quoted as follows:

> But them big brutes that they 've been spoilin' the counthry by bringin' over, they 're founthered and are leg-weary from carryin' their own carcisses;

and barrin' you 'd run a dhrag into the cover, divil a one of them would stir from the huntsman's tail.

They also had the same troubles with their subscription packs in those days that exist in America today, for the followers of a hunt could never agree concerning the qualities of the two breeds of hounds. The magazine already quoted contains the following letter from an Irish sportsman:

FOXHUNTING IN IRELAND

Erin go Bragh

I have been a good deal surprised that none of your Irish correspondents has ever tried to prove the superiority, in an Irish country, of the old Irish foxhound over the English blood. Though we have had the question fairly tried here, I shall not attempt to enter into their relative merits. But I will state a few facts, which may elicit the opinions of more experienced sportsmen and more practised writers. About ten years ago the Union Hunt Club was got up to hunt an extensive country in the county of Cork. Two packs, one of mixed, the other of pure Irish blood, were presented by their owners (one of whom became manager) to the club, and a round sum was subscribed and paid up. The

exclusive hunting of an extensive district was obtained. The club and the cubhunting commenced with the most cheering prospects; but, although our proceedings commenced so favorably, the sport of the first year fell far short of our expectations. At the wind-up dinner the failure was admitted by all, but the opinions as to the causes which led to this result were various and widely different. The younkers, and they were the majority, held that nothing could be done except with a pack of pure English blood. The nestors of the chase talked of good old times, and stuck out for the old blood. The juniors, however, were positive, and, being the majority, of course they carried their point; and the palaver ended with a resolution to import as many hounds of English blood as possible, and get rid of the Irish curs. The governor went over to Leicestershire with full powers and a full purse. Drafts were procured at a high figure from some crack kennels; the native Irish hounds were got rid of, the covers stocked, Michaelmas Day came about again, and our hopes were higher than ever. Another winter passed, and at our St. Patrick's Day feed we had once more to debate on a chapter of accidents, crosses and losses of all kinds, blank days, foxes no sooner found than lost, no pads on the kennel door, not a single long run to talk over, a very long bill to pay, our exchequer running low and our spirits lower. This year we determined that it was all the huntsman's fault, that the Eng-

lish hounds did not understand his Irish brogue; how could they? So we dismissed him and imported a Meltonian. In the third and fourth years it was ditto repeated. In the fifth we transported our Englishman and imported a Scotchman. In short, to wind up the history of our "decline and fall" in the ten years of our existence, we tried four huntsmen, as many managers, twice as many secretaries, whips innumerable, and had not a single run worthy of reporting in a sporting journal. The subscribers dropped off, the club became bankrupt, the horses were sold, the hounds were brought to the hammer, but no one would bid for them. We then puffed them off in all the papers for six months, and at length sold them for about a tenth of the first cost. Having shown the total failure of an experiment, thus fairly tried with some of the purest English blood, manned by Englishmen, and hunted *à l'Anglaise* in every sense of the word, let us take a peep at the other side of the picture. There we shall see what has been done this present season, in the same country, by a little pack of the "ould Irish" blood kept by an "ould Irish" gentleman, who would as soon think of letting an English foxhound *into* his kennel as of allowing an English sportsman *out* of his house at seven o'clock on a hunting eve. His huntsman and whip Jack Lynch and Dinny Shuckaroo, though they never crossed the Irish Channel in their lives, can "discoorse" their hounds in as classical dog language as if they

had taken their degrees under Jack Musters himself or matriculated in the Quorn kennel.

When the much-admired, the beautiful, and dearly-bought English pack went to the "dogs" the owner of the little Irish curs got the hunting of a great part of the country in which the defunct club had long played the part of the dog in the manger. He commenced the season with a pack short as to numbers, his effective strength being only twenty-eight couple. With this small force he took the field under the further drawback — owing to his having few covers to draw — of having more frequently used them as harriers than foxhounds, though sometimes guilty of the solecism of finding his fox in a bag. However, a few thrashings made them as stanch as if they never stopped to the trail of a hare in their lives, and he has not had a single blank day as yet. I had the pleasure of hunting with him for a few days; and while I was anything but enjoying the otium entailed on me for my sins by a severe attack of influenza, I attempted the following sketch of a day's sport.

On my first appearance at the cover side with this, the merriest pack I ever rode to, the meet was at Lemlara, the residence of the county member. The draw was blank, the morning wet and cold, and not a chop to cheer us. This unpromising state of affairs sent a lot of feather-bed sportsmen from the sweet city of Cork home to their clubs. The field, which was before rather numerous than

select, was now reduced to about ten well-mounted men in scarlet that looked as if they could "ride a bit." Our next draw was Dundullerick Glens, and while the hounds were going down we got a caulker of real cherry bounce, which the rawness of the morning made most acceptable. The little ones were not long in the cover — a beautifully planted, deep, and rocky glen — when they opened on a drag in a style that left no doubt as to our finding. The cry in the glen was the finest I ever heard, and was sent back to us by a hundred echoes. But this did not last long, for our fox broke away in gallant style, like a prime one that despised dodging, heading due north, the wind at the time blowing a cold south-easter. He had scarcely a minute's law, when every hound in the pack was out of cover, all settling to their work, heads up and sterns down. As this (if you please, Mr. Editor, to print it) will meet the eyes of many who know the country well, I shall give the names, unpronounceable though they be to your English readers, of the several townlands over which the varmint led us. After leaving the demesnes of Dundullerick, he crossed the fine grass farm of Rathgubbane, to his own great disadvantage, as the "doggies" settled to their work where there could be no mistake. He then held on through Ballyroberts, Rathanigue, Ballinvullin, Ballynakilla; then across to Kippane, up through Bluebell and Lisurrilla, a long and steep hill, which tried the mettle of the nags, some of them not unknown

to fame. The fox then descended in a straight line through Ballynandagh and the old Barrymore Park to the river Bride, where two or three of our select few treated themselves to a cold bath, mistaking one of the deepest reaches on the river for a safe and easy ford which was close by. When safe across the flooded stream poor pug was nearly at home, for a quarter of a mile carried him to the rock of Castle Lyons, "an asylum where foxes for many a gineration have found refuge from their rival persecuthers," to use the words of an Irish schoolmaster who ran out, followed by all his pupils, to see the finish. The said learned person at the same time informed us that one of his "Latinists" — a bit of "nate timber" to make a priest of — ran in and thus addressed him in choice Virgilian phrase: "Domine, hic veniunt equites et odora canium vis," which he, the said Domine, as he told us, thus rendered into the vernacular for the benefit of the "lower class:" "Boys, here come the red-coats and the hounds" — adding to his translation the pleasing note, "Take a quarther holiday!" We arrived just in time to see wily reynard take "refuge from his rival persecuthers" in one of the caverns under the rock. The pedant's phrase "rival persecuthers" was, to quote another brother of the ferule, "a most liable, congruent, and measurable application of the epithet." I never saw such racing before — from find to finish — the thing was done in a most workmanlike form. There was scarcely a check

for a second, and not a cast was made. The line taken was as straight as man and horse could go. The distance seven miles — Irish — from point to point; time, twenty-eight minutes. Now for a word about the cavalry. In so decisive an affair as this there was a fair opportunity of seeing who was the best mounted man. But it would be hard to say which of the two bore the palm. The *par nobile* were Mr. Fitzgerald on Valentine, the hero of many a well-contested steeplechase, and Mr. John Barry on Psyche, a small but prime bit of stuff. She won the third and fourth heats of the best contested steeplechase that ever came off in Fermoy, beating Red Rover, the conqueror of Barkiston and Conrad, since sold to the Marquis of Waterford for three hundred guineas. Next to these, if not in with them, should be placed Mr. Wakeham on Cigar, the winner of the Muskerry Cup. About a beld behind came Mr. Morris, of Dunkettle, on Clinker; Mr. Roche, the owner of the hounds, on Champion, a two-hundred-guinea article; and the huntsman on a Whiteboy mare. Dinny, the whip, dived into a bog hole about the fourth mile, and never took his place again until all was over. The innate modesty of an Irishman prevents my placing myself; suffice it to say that I do not quote the knight of the birch at second hand. Mr. H. Barry and three or four others formed the rearguard, and arrived just as we had finished a fierce attack on a venison pasty and sundry other good things at Mr.

Fitzgerald's, in Castle Lyons, and as we were about "to fight our foxhunt over again." They told us the usual pitiful tales of broken stirrup leathers, lost shoes, etc., which were received, as such stories always are, with a horse laugh.